

## THE LATE FR. SYDNEY SMITH, S.J.

**S**O much of his long life of eighty years was spent in the direct service of this periodical that here if anywhere due meed of praise should be paid to the memory of Father Sydney Smith, who went to his eternal reward on Wednesday, July 5th. When he retired from the staff in April of last year, it was with the hope that leisure and freedom from responsibility would enable him to put the crown on his life's work by collecting and editing for presentation in book-form his various contributions to current thought, but it soon became apparent that his literary energy was practically exhausted and the task was not even begun. So it is mainly in the back files of *THE MONTH* that we must look for his monument, and the two volumes of the Index join in testifying to its size and indicating its varied composition. It is something of a tragedy that one who was so intellectually competent to instruct his generation should never have found time or occasion to embody his message in permanent shape but should spend his life in accumulating materials. It was indeed the fate that overtook another and more learned man, Lord Acton, but as in this case the loss to the public at large was our own particular gain we shall not stress that tragedy unduly.

Sydney Fenn Smith was, as he was proud to point out, a "Man of Kent," not a mere "Kentish man" like the dwellers in the west of the county. He was born at Margate on March 11, 1843, his father being then Vicar of Worth, near Sandwich. The name Sydney, which belonged to his father also, suggests some family connection with the famous Sydney Smith, the brilliant and witty Canon of St. Paul's, who died in 1845, but, as Crockford's Clergy-List records no fewer than eleven present holders of the name, six of whom use the first "y," the only safe inference to draw is that that prenomem is much affected by Anglican clergy of the name of Smith. Whether because of delicate health or because his parents wished to superintend his education at

home, he never went to a public school; private tuition, however, turned him out a very capable scholar, as his own later proficiency as a teacher and professor indicated. And the fact that his mother taught him Hebrew testifies to the standard of culture achieved in the domestic circle. Unlike his younger brother Algernon, the present Rector of Wittersham, Sydney did not embrace his father's calling nor take a University degree: his conversion to the Catholic Church at the age of 21 suggests sufficient reason for that double abstention. No scrap of autobiographical memoir remains to show how the gift of faith came to the young man.<sup>1</sup> About this time he began to study architecture in London, but it is probable that books rather than persons influenced him in the direction of Catholicity. Perhaps even at home he had gradually become dissatisfied with those credentials of Anglicanism, the weakness of which he was afterwards to expose with such effect. All that we know is that he was received into the Church at Farm St. on July 3, 1864, by Fr. A. J. Christie. The religious impulse which brought him into the Fold continued to operate, and in Mar. 1866, shortly after his twenty-third birthday, he joined the Jesuit noviciate at Manresa House, Roehampton. Father Alfred Weld was then Provincial and Father Christopher Fitzsimon, Master of Novices. That same year, too, saw the entrance into the Society of another famous Jesuit, Father Bernard Vaughan. The young convert followed the normal course, except that he began his philosophical studies immediately on finishing his two years' noviciate, which shows that he was sufficiently advanced in secular learning to be excused the "Juniorate." As a "scholastic" he taught at Stonyhurst in the two higher classes, having amongst his pupils a future colleague on THE MONTH staff, Father Herbert Thurston.<sup>2</sup> After his theological studies at St. Beuno's, 1874-8, in the course of which he was ordained priest (1877), he returned to Stonyhurst to profess Ethics and Natural Law at the Seminary for a year, and then took charge of the highest class at Beaumont for another three. The year 1882-3 he spent at the noviciate undergoing that "third year of proba-

<sup>1</sup> The story goes that, having heard his father denouncing the services at All Saints, Margaret Street, he went there through curiosity and felt a sensible advance towards the Faith from a "Benediction" at which he assisted.

<sup>2</sup> Other pupils who afterwards attained eminence were Joseph Browne and Richard Sykes, both Provincials S.J. in later years, and Mr. J. G. Snead-Cox, for many years Editor of *The Tablet*.

tion" which every Jesuit priest must pass through before being admitted to his final vows. He became a "Professed Father" in February, 1884, having been appointed in the previous year to teach theology at St. Beuno's. Here he remained for six years, during the last four of which he held the chair of Sacred Scripture.

From THE MONTH point of view this long and varied course of study and tuition, tuition being itself the best form of study, was in direct preparation for a position on its staff. But two years were still to elapse before he definitely took up his post at Farm Street, years during which he worked on the mission at Wimbledon whilst devoting some time to writing. He had begun to contribute to our pages when still a student of philosophy at Stonyhurst, and during his professorship at St. Beuno's he wrote about a dozen articles. But after he joined the staff in 1891, his contributions became much more numerous, until, when he laid down his pen some thirty years later, their titles occupy some four columns of the Index. And, of course, besides his signed work, he took for many years a large share in the laborious task of reviewing, and wrote many critical and historical notes.

His interests lay within fairly well defined lines. Church-defence may be said to have been his chief preoccupation. Whether the attack came from Anglicans or other Protestants or Free-thinkers, it was adequately met by a mind stored with the Church's tradition and fully alive to all the intellectual perversities that rejected it. He excelled, too, in pure exposition of Catholic doctrine, concerning both faith and morality, and showed much capability for historical research. Several doctrinal treatises might be compiled from these scattered articles: the question of divorce, for instance, is very fully treated in the series, as also is the subject of miracles. A score of papers published in 1902-1903 gives a clear and accurate survey of the "Suppression of the Society of Jesus," and many articles are devoted to the vindication of the Church's action in various episodes of her history. A good many of these contributions have been preserved in the valuable "Historical Papers" edited by Father Smith for the C.T.S., and the catalogue of the same Society gives the titles of many of his controversial and historical tracts, such as "Reasons for rejecting Anglican Orders" and "The alleged Antiquity of Anglicanism," which first appeared in THE MONTH. His profound knowledge of the

Anglican question was utilized by the Hierarchy when they published in 1898 their "Vindication" of the "Apostolicae Curae," the Bull condemning Anglican Orders, against the animadversions of the Anglican Archbishops. He wrote also on the subject in the *Catholic Encyclopædia*, whilst the mature expression of his views will be found in a forthcoming section of the French *Dictionnaire Apologétique* under the heading "Ordinations Anglicanes."

Whilst professing Sacred Scripture at St. Beuno's he was naturally interested in all questions concerning the Bible, and wrote much on the subject in THE MONTH. But a better known proof of his interest is to be found in the excellent "Scripture Manuals for Catholic Schools," which he edited and to which he contributed the Commentary on St. Mark, besides parts of those on St. Luke and the second half of Acts. Many generations of our school-children have profited by these useful commentaries, which, after the lapse of years, are still in constant demand.

On the topic of Catholic education his pen was equally active. Each of the ill-advised attempts to give legal sanction to secularism and to penalize Catholic schools, made by successive ministries, met with drastic treatment at his hands, as did the theories of agnostics at home and the experiments of atheists abroad. His authority on the subject was recognized by positions on the Catholic Education Council and the Universities' Education Board.

Literature as such did not attract much of Father Smith's attention. He never wrote on literary subjects. He often confessed his inability to appreciate poetry, and, during his period of editorship, saved himself the worry of estimating the value of what was sent to him by excluding verse-contributions altogether from THE MONTH. Natural history also, and the exact sciences, so dear to his friend and colleague, Father John Gerard, did not greatly excite his interest. In regard to the social question, the fundamental problem of to-day, on the solution of which the interests of Church and State alike depend, his attitude was that of a generation traditionally more concerned with defence of the rights of property than with insistence upon its duties. He had little sympathy with schemes of social reform which threatened to upset the time-honoured economic and political system, and the universal discontent with the old order, emphasized by the war and its results, made him



puzzled and despondent. In such things he never really outgrew the traditions of his early days.

His writings at their best, though he never cultivated style for its own sake, were characterized by ease and lucidity. He wrote clearly because he thought clearly. Later, when his powers began to fail him, he became rather careless and diffuse, and did not aim at making his utterance a rounded whole. But, what never forsook him, his kindliness of thought and courtesy of manner, more than compensated for lack of style, and, though he was uncompromising in his defence and assertion of the truth, we recollect no case where his methods of controversy provoked bitterness and generated heat rather than light. He had many friends amongst the Anglican clergy, and was a frequent speaker at the gatherings of the "Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury," founded by the Rev. Spencer Jones to promote mutual understanding between Catholics and Anglicans.

In answer to a problem already suggested—how it was that a writer of such force and learning did not contribute more to the permanent literature of his time—we may hazard the conjecture that Father Smith's zeal for more immediate work for souls was the cause of his comparative sterility as an author. For long years he used his leisure in giving missions and retreats, and, after he came to reside in London, he was constantly engaged in instructing converts and "directing" a host of spiritual clients.<sup>1</sup> Few members of the Society have been better known to the religious communities of this land; few more conspicuous at gatherings to promote Catholic interests. This external activity was fatal to the time for research and leisure for reflection necessary for the production of substantial work. And alas! as we have said, when the leisure came, the capacity had gone.

After his retirement to Manresa in April, 1921, his health improved for a while, but that proved merely the result of a release from responsibility. The machine was well-nigh worn out, and was not capable of any sustained effort. His memory began to fail and his physical energy to decrease, until, on July 2nd of this year, he experienced a sort of stroke and died on the evening of July 5th of cerebral hemorrhage.

<sup>1</sup> During the years 1894—1920, he received no fewer than 254 converts at Farm Street alone, i.e., about 10 each year: his greatest yearly total was 29 and his least 1. These represent, we must remember, the *parenga* of a man otherwise fairly well occupied.

Those who knew Father Smith only in mature age will be surprised to hear that in early manhood he was excessively thin. He was not in any sense an athlete, although he played cricket with some diligence and was a capable swimmer. Later in life he took to cycling, and was the victim, rather than the hero, of several adventures on and off the wheel. But he persevered in the exercise until well over seventy, and his abandonment of it was the first definite sign that he was yielding to old age. In March, 1916, he celebrated his Golden Jubilee of his entrance into the Society, although for some years previously he had a curious feeling, due perhaps to depression caused by the war, that he would not live to see the day. The occasion showed how widely he was esteemed by those to whom he had stood *in loco parentis spiritualis*. He had a great capacity for making friends owing to the unselfish interest he showed on behalf of all who met him or applied to him for help.

On his retirement in April last year, H.E. the Cardinal Archbishop acknowledged in a graceful letter the debt which the Church in this land owed to the veteran writer. Now that he has gone to meet the Master he served so well and so long, the prayers of his friends will entreat on his behalf a merciful judgment and an eternal recompense.

## JEAN HENRI FABRE

IT is fortunate that the life of this great genius, "The Insects' Homer," is well documented. There is a biography of him by his relative, the Abbé Augustin Fabre (translated into English by Bernard Miall: Hodder and Stoughton); and in his wonderful volumes, the *Souvenirs entomologiques*, Fabre gives us many glimpses of himself in a charming way.

He was not only a great genius—he had also a great capacity for taking pains, for hard work, which is a different thing. He owed nothing of his genius to heredity—his folk were peasants and almost entirely illiterate.

His life was a struggle with poverty in its most unlovely forms. There is a poverty which is beautiful; St. Francis of Assisi called it his Bride, and felt that it united him to the Master who had not where to lay His Head. But Fabre was not an ascetic nor a monk; he was a man living in the world with a wife and eight children to feed and clothe, and often he found it difficult to give them the necessities of life. There is nothing lovely in that poverty—it is horrible, grinding poverty, which sometimes makes men desperate and enemies of God and man. He had also to fight against opposition from those in the seats of the learned who should have helped him. He had genius and the educational authorities were dull and pompous officials. And so they simply obstructed him and took care that the positions in which Fabre might have leisure for his work were given to others.

Some would say that his life was wasted pouring over the ways of tiny insects and noting their instincts and habits. But that is not true. It was finely said of him: "With Fabre we have every moment, so to speak, the feeling, the surprise, of rising towards the infinitely great while stooping over the infinitely little."

From his study of these bees and wasps and beetles he was led to formulate conclusions which have a bearing on life itself as manifested here; indeed, he was led by his study of these minute forms of life to the great Life-Giver Himself, from Nature back to Nature's God. In his later years

he could say with St. Augustine, "Fecit in cœlis angelos, et in terris vermiculos, nec major in illis nec minor in istis."<sup>1</sup>

His life-story is soon told: it was spent, except for a short time, in Provence, the land of Mistral.

Jean Henri Fabre was born in 1823 of peasant parents, to whom his advent meant another mouth to feed, another burden. On eugenic principles he ought not to have come at all; but, fortunately for us, his parents were simple Catholics who had never heard of race-suicide. He was sent for some years to live with grandparents in the Rouergue who were willing to feed him. On his return, his parents endeavoured to increase their income by keeping ducks, and Jean was sent to herd them to a pond. He tells us how he began his life as a naturalist:

At the place where the pond dribbles into the adjoining field are some alder trees, and here I make a glorious find. It is a Beetle—not a very large one, oh no! He is smaller than a cherry-stone but of an unutterable blue. The angels in Paradise must wear dresses of that colour. I put the glorious one inside an empty snail-shell which I plug up with a leaf. I shall admire that living jewel at my leisure when I get back.<sup>2</sup>

At seven he went to school kept by one who was also a barber. At ten he went to Rodez and learned to read Virgil, whose *Bucolics* and *Georgics* he loved. He had to leave school owing to the poverty of his parents. After that, he won a bursary at the Normal College of Avignon. He left the Normal College at eighteen, with his diploma, his brevet supérieur, and began his career as a primary school-master in the College of Carpentras at the age of twenty—his stipend £28 a year. There he read a book on the habits of insects. He had been a lover and student of Nature from childhood; now he began to devote his life to the study of insects.<sup>3</sup> He taught chemistry and practical surveying, mathematics and physics, teaching himself first, and then others. A young man came to Fabre and asked him to teach him Algebra as he had to pass an examination for a Diploma in engineering. Fabre knew nothing of it, but he consented. He borrowed the books and learnt Algebra himself as he went on teaching it, beginning at the *binomial theorem*!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "He made angels in Heaven and on earth tiny worms, but He is not greater in the former nor less in the latter."

<sup>2</sup> *Souvenirs entomologiques*, pp. 260—270; *The Life of the Fly*, ch. vii.

<sup>3</sup> *The Mason-Bees*, p. 10.

<sup>4</sup> *Life of the Fly*, ch. xii.

*Fortuna jacet fortibus.* His pupil passed his examination. At this time Fabre was so poor that he had to buy his tobacco on credit. He took his degree as Bachelor of Mathematical Science at Montpellier. Next we find him Professor of Physics and Chemistry at the College of Ajaccio. At twenty-seven he was transferred to Avignon; his salary now amounted to £64 a year.

One morning he was sitting on a stone studying a wasp called the *Languedocian Sphex* when three women passed him on the way to pick the grapes in the vineyards. At sunset they came back, and Fabre was still in the same place. "As they passed by me," he writes, "I saw one of them tap her forehead, and heard her whisper to the others, 'Un paouré inoucént, pécaire.' And all three made the sign of the Cross."

One day Pasteur visited him and was astonished at his poverty; but he went back to Paris and forgot to help the struggling naturalist. Another man of science met Fabre at Avignon and appreciated his real worth—and that was M. Victor Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction. He made a friend of Fabre, and when he went back to Paris, and nothing more was heard from him for six months, Fabre thought that he, too, had forgotten him. But it was not so: M. Duruy summoned Fabre to Paris, placed him on the list of the Legion of Honour, and gave him twelve hundred francs. He also took Fabre to visit the Emperor. Fabre loathed noisy Paris, and fled home next day. In his own words he was "tortured with loneliness in that immense whirl of humanity."<sup>1</sup>

In 1858 he took the degree of Licentiate in the Natural Sciences at Toulouse, and a little later the degree of Doctor of Science. He thought that by taking these degrees he would qualify himself for a good post as Professor, but an educational official pointed out to him that his poverty was an obstacle, as the stipend of a Professor was so small. Remember, Fabre had eight children.

Fabre did a great work in popularizing Science, and he published 70 or 80 volumes of class-books, teaching in simple language arithmetic, physics, chemistry, and other scientific subjects. It was not till he was fifty-five years old—in 1879—that he began the work which is his best monument—the

<sup>1</sup> *Life of the Fly*, pp. 457—469.

*Souvenirs entomologiques.* He was then apparently a broken-down man. "For forty years," he writes, "I have struggled with unshakable courage against the sordid miseries of life." His aim in these books is to record what he has observed of the lives and ways of insects. He studied the insects not so much by books as with his own eyes in their native haunts. He was not content to observe them; by ingenious experiments he varied their way of living and tested and tried them under new conditions. These experiments, this living entomology, he recorded in these "Souvenirs" in clear and simple language, free from all pedantic terms. And he makes his writing so charming, so full of his own life and doings, so full of humour and fancy, that to read these books of science is like reading a novel. This is well put by M. Edmond Perrier, Director of the Museum of Natural History:

The ten volumes of his *Souvenirs entomologiques* will remain one of the most intensely interesting works which have ever been written concerning the habits of insects, and also one of the most remarkable records of the psychology of a great observer of the latter part of the nineteenth century. In them the author depicts to the life not only the habits and the instincts of the insects; he gives us a full-length portrait of himself. He makes us share his busy life, amid the subjects of observation which necessarily claim his attention. The world of insects hums and buzzes about him, obsesses him, calling his attention from all directions, exciting his curiosity; he does not know which way to turn. Overwhelmed by the innumerable winged army of the drinkers of nectar who, on fine summer days, invade his field of observation, he calls to his aid the whole household; his daughters, Claire, Aglaé, and Anna, his son Paul, his workmen, and above all, his manservant Favier, an old countryman who has spent his life in the barracks of the French Colonies, a man of a thousand expedients, who watches his master with an incredulous yet admiring eye, listening to him but refusing to be convinced, and shocking him by the assertion, which nothing will induce him to retract, that the bat is a rat which has grown wings, the slug an old snail which has lost its shell, the night-jar a toad with a passion for milk which has sprouted feathers, the better to suck the goats' udders at night, and so forth. The cats and the dog join the company at times, and one almost regrets that one is not within reach of the sturdy old man, so that one might respond to his call. See him lying on the sand where everything is grilling in the burning rays of the sun, watching some wasp that is digging its burrow, noting its least movement, trying to divine its inten-



tions, to make it confess the secret of its actions, following the labours of the innumerable Scarabæi that clean the surface of the soil of all that might defile it . . . putting unexpected difficulties in their way, slyly giving these tiny life-companions of his problems of his own devising to solve.

From 1879 to 1910 he lived quietly at Orange, studying his beloved insects and writing his "Souvenirs."

The sub-title of his *magnum opus* is "Studies in the Instincts and Habits of the Insects." And it is in his study and exposition of Instinct that Fabre has made his greatest contribution to Natural Science. Now what do we mean by the instincts of insects? What is so wonderful in them?

Let us take a few examples from Fabre's own books. For instance, the instinct by which the Hunting Wasps provide for their larvæ—horrible, but wonderful:

These wasps, which are themselves purely vegetarians, know that their larvæ must have animal food; fresh succulent flesh still quivering with life. Some, like the common wasp, which watches over the growth of its offspring, feed the larvæ from day to day, . . . and these kill their prey, which they are thus able to serve to their larvæ perfectly fresh. But the majority do not watch over the hatching or the growth of their larvæ. They are forced to lay up a store of food beforehand. They know this, and are not found wanting. But here they are confronted with a difficult problem. If the prey carried to the nest is dead it will quickly putrefy; it cannot possibly keep fresh, as it must, for the weeks and months of the larva's growth. If it is alive it cannot easily be seized by the larvæ, and will represent a menace. The wasp must discover the secret of producing in her victims the immobility of death together with the incorruptibility of life. And the wasps have discovered this secret—for the prey which they provide for their larvæ remain at their disposal to the end without movement and without deterioration.

Dufour<sup>1</sup> thought that the Hunting Wasp had a virus which was at once a weapon of the chase and a liquid preservative for immolation and conservation of the victims. But, even if aseptic, a dead insect would shrivel up into a mummy. Now this must not occur, and as a matter of fact, the wasp's victim remains moist indefinitely just as if alive. And they are still alive. Fabre has demonstrated this. The victims are not put to death but merely *deprived of movement, smit-*

<sup>1</sup> Dufour, *The Wizard of the Landes*. Cf. *The Life of the Spider*, ch. i., by J.H.F., and *The Life of the Fly*, ch. i.

*ten with paralysis.* The wasp plunges its sting into the victim's body, not at random, which might kill it, but at certain definite points, exactly where the invisible nervous ganglia are located which control the various movements.<sup>1</sup>

Or take the Homing Instinct as manifested by Cats, Birds and Insects. Fabre investigated this by experiments.<sup>2</sup> Full-grown cats, for instance, find their way home in spite of the distance and their ignorance of the intervening ground. Fabre used to take the Mason-bees miles away from their home, shut up in darkened vessels. When he released them they flew straight home and resumed their work where they left it. The pigeon finds its way home over hundreds of miles. The swallow flies across the sea from Africa to its old nest in England or France. It is guided, not by sight, but by a special sense which mankind does not possess, namely Instinct. By this sense the bee makes her wonderful geometrical cell and stores it with food for her offspring, erects cities, herds her milch-cows, her Aphides. The mason-bees not only provision their cells with honey and lay their eggs on top—that the larvæ may feed when they waken to life, but seal the top with hard mortar which they make for the purpose.

By a series of experiments and observations of a lifetime, Fabre proves that instinct in animals is something quite different from reason in man. He asks: What is Reason? And he replies: "Reason is the faculty that connects the effect with its cause and directs the act by conforming it to the needs of the accidental." Are animals capable of reasoning? Are they able to connect a "because" with a "why," and afterwards to regulate their behaviour accordingly? He comes to the conclusion that the animals have not reason; and, taking his own special province of study—the life of those insects which seem to us to have reason—he demonstrates by experiments that they have not the slightest glimmer of intelligence.

"Human reason," he says, "we are told to-day, begins at zero in the albumen of a cell and rises to the mighty brain of a Newton. The noble faculty of which we are so proud is a zoological attribute." He argues that before admitting this we should see what experiment demonstrates, and he urges that when we attribute reason to the animals

<sup>1</sup> *Life*, pp. 250—252.

<sup>2</sup> *The Mason-Bees*, pp. 42—57.

we are only mis-reading the evidence. "Question the insect, the most gifted of them, the *Hymenopteron*. Where will they find a creature more richly endowed with talent? . . . The *Hymenopteron* rivals man himself." The Mason-bee is specially endowed in the matter of boring; she emerges from her nest, which is sealed with mortar, by piercing this hard dome. Fabre covers with a paper bag the nest from which the bee is about to emerge. If the bag is placed in contact with the nest so as to make one piece with it, the bee perforates it and liberates herself. But if it is not in contact with the nest she remains imprisoned, and will let herself die without perforating the bag.

Here then are sturdy insects, for whom boring tufa is mere child's play, which will stupidly let themselves perish imprisoned by a paper bag . . . it does not occur to them to bite a second time through the frail envelope through which they have already bitten once, when it was part of the earthen enclosure. Its mandibles provide it with scissors and it has a secret stimulus inviting it to employ them. . . . To pierce the new barrier the insect would have to repeat the act which it has just accomplished, the act which it is not intended to perform more than once in its life. . . . The Mason-bee perishes *for lack of the smallest gleam of intelligence*.<sup>1</sup>

Fabre comes to the conclusion that a great Intelligence, even God, orders all things; to animals He has given instinct, to men He has given something quite different and much higher—reason.

But how is it possible to fit this mysterious Instinct into a scheme of Darwinian Evolution?

The animals [he says] have a special sense denied to mankind . . . why are we deprived of it? It would have been a fine weapon and of great service in the struggle for life. If, as is contended, the whole of the animal kingdom, including man, is derived from a single mould, the original cell, and becomes self-evolved in the course of time, favouring the best endowed and leaving the less well-endowed to perish, how comes it that this wonderful sense is the portion of a humble few, and that it has left no trace in man, the culminating achievement of the zoological progression? Our precursors were very ill-advised to let so magnificent an inheritance go. . . . Does not the fact that this sense has not been handed down to us point to a flaw in the pedigree? <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Mason-Bees*, pp. 37—41.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 206—217.

Another pet doctrine of the "Grant Allen" school of Evolutionists he subjects to mordant criticism, namely, Mimesis. Mimesis, he says (I am not quoting word for word), means the animal's supposed faculty of adapting itself to its environment by imitating the objects around it, at least in the matter of colouring. We are told that it uses this faculty to baffle its foes or else to approach its prey without alarming it. Finding itself the better for this dissimulation, each race sifted by the struggle for life, is considered to have preserved those best endowed with mimetic powers, and to have allowed the others to become extinct, thus gradually converting into a fixed characteristic what at first was but a casual acquisition. The lion's tawny mane, on this theory, is due to the colour of the African desert; the tiger's dark stripes to the streaks of shadow cast by the bamboos. The lark became earth-coloured in order to hide himself from the eyes of the birds of prey when pecking in the fields; the Common Lizard adopted a grass-green tint in order to blend with the foliage of the thickets in which he lurks; the Cabbage-caterpillar guarded against the bird's beak by taking the colour of the plant on which it feeds. But, on the other hand, we may ask "Why the White Wag-tail, which seeks his food in the furrows as does the lark, has a white shirt-front surmounted by a magnificent black stock? This dress is most easily picked out. Whence this neglect to practice Mimesis—protective mimicry? Why is the Eyed-Lizard of Provence as green as the Common Lizard, considering that he shuns verdure and chooses as his haunt, in the bright sunlight, some chink in the native rocks where not so much as a tuft of moss grows? Why persist in his blue and green colouring, which at once betrays him against the whitey-grey stone? And it is not degenerating—it thrives in numbers and in vigour. . . . The Spurge-caterpillar flaunts in red, black, and white, not like the Cabbage-caterpillar. Has it no enemies? Of course it has; which of us, animals and men, has not? So, too, the great tribe of Golden Wasps, in incredible splendour, ruby, emerald and turquoise amidst the grey environment—yet thrives none the worse. Is the clever wasp more foolish than the Green Grass-hopper? . . . Mimesis, in my eyes, is a piece of childishness, rather sheer stupidity, which explains the Green Grass-hopper by the green leaves in which this locust settles, and is silent as to the *Crioceris*, that coral-red beetle, who lives

on the no less green leaves of the lily. Mimesis is an illusion.<sup>1</sup>

Fabre admired Darwin, but opposed his theory of evolution of species with all his force. He had hopes of converting Darwin by the evidence of the facts; but Darwin died in 1882, a year before the second volume of Fabre's "Souvenirs" appeared. It is said that Darwin dreaded this problem of Instinct. Fabre's verdict is "the facts as I see them lead me away from Darwin's theories."

At last, in his old age, fame came to him. At the age of ninety he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour, forty years after Duruy had given him the rosette, and a pension of £80 a year. He was elected a member of the great scientific societies of Europe. M. Poincaré, the President of the French Republic, visited him in 1913.

And thus he reaches the end of his long life, or, as he himself might have said, the beginning of his true and real life. He had strayed from the Church: how, we do not know. At one time in his life, the local Church authorities thwarted him in his laudable desire to lecture to young girls on scientific subjects. There may have been irritation in his mind over this. But we do not know how he lost his faith, or rather, ceased to practise it. We read Darwin's remarkable confession that, owing to his absorption in natural science, some of the faculties of his mind, such as love of music and literature, became atrophied for want of use. It was thus, perhaps, that he ceased to worship God, pray to Him, and at last to believe in Him. Was it so with Fabre? Not altogether. Fabre was a child of the Church, baptized, and no doubt well taught in his religion by the clergy who taught him other subjects. And he was never hostile to religion, never a materialist, nor one blind to the mystery of things. Tolstoi tells us how he gave up prayer in his youth because a brother laughed at him for kneeling down to pray, as his custom was, before going to bed. Giving up prayer, the rest of religion fell from him, and moral lapse followed. But Fabre was always working hard, never idle or vicious. The Parable of the Sower tells us that one way in which men may lose faith is by means of the cares and anxieties of this world. With Fabre it may have been through the anxieties consequent on his poverty, and his efforts to find bread for himself and his large family.

<sup>1</sup> *The Mason-Bees.*

Absorption in his work—for his work was more than an enthusiasm, it was a passion—may have had something to do with it. Some tell us that Faith dropped from them suddenly. That is possible, seeing it is the ever-renewed, ever-accepted gift of God. But more often it is lost through our carelessness of the Spirit in us; and through neglect to feed the flame of that lamp which is kindled by God Himself in our souls.

But Fabre returned to the Fold. His wife died, his brother died, all his children married and left him. Then the Archbishop of Avignon, Mgr. Latty, visited him in 1914. A nursing Sister of the Congregation of Saint Roch de Viviers, Sister Adrienne, nursed and cared for him and won his admiration by the way in which she practised her religion. The Archbishop visited him again. A Breton priest, who had come South for his health, became friendly with Fabre. He spoke to him of the Sacrament of Penance. Fabre replied: "Whenever you will." On October 11, 1915, trying to say *In manus tuas Domine*, he surrendered his kindly soul to God.

At ninety, we are told, one of his visitors asked him: "Do you believe in God?" He replied: "I can't say I believe in God; I *see* Him. Without Him I understand nothing; without Him, all is darkness. . . . Every period has its manias. I regard Atheism as a mania. It is the malady of the age. You could take my skin from me more easily than my faith in God."<sup>1</sup>

Lastly, we have the epitaph composed by himself:

Quos periisse putamus  
Praemissi sunt.  
Minime finis, sed limen  
Vitae excelsioris.

J. R. CORMACK.

<sup>1</sup> *Life*, p. 93.



## OUR DEBT TO THE CRUSADERS

**I**NHERITING, as we do, the fruits of the labours—warlike and peaceful—of our ancestors, it is all too common a failing on our part to take those fruits for granted, and to be lacking in appreciation of the debt we owe to the efforts which, in the long past, made them possible.

Consider, for example, the old Crusaders. Literature has not been wanting in a realization of the romantic and adventurous side of their exploits. Few mines have been so full of precious gold for the novelist! How rarely it is realized, however, that, but for those old warriors, Christian civilization might have been—not, perhaps, actually destroyed, though, looking at it from a merely human point of view, it is hard to be positive that even *that* might not have been the case,—yet at any rate reduced to the most abject slavery beneath the yoke of Islam!

Up till quite a recent date, was it not the fashion, among historical writers, to describe those Crusaders as mere fanatical marauders or deluded victims of superstition? Indeed, that opinion is anything but extinct even now!

"Les crimes de ceux-ci, le fanatisme de quelques autres, et le mélange bizarre de religion et de chevalerie," said De Guignes (*Histoire des Huns*, i. 13), "ont fait désapprouver un siècle plus éclairé ces sorte de guerres."

"Then rolled for centuries," said Mr. Eliot Warburton (*The Crescent and the Cross*, p. 190), "the tide of war from Europe upon Asia, baffled and beaten back, or perishing fruitlessly like the rivers in its deserts."

"Impelled, therefore," said Mr. H. C. Lukach (*The Fringe of the East*, 1913, p. 256), "by faith, love of glory, and love of gold, young and mail-clad Europe hurled itself time and again at the wise old East, spending much blood and energy to no purpose. It was more to the fallacy inherent in the scheme, than to the disunion of the Crusaders, that the failure of the Crusaders was due."

"These godly thieves," said Mr. W. S. Monroe (*Turkey and the Turks*, 1908, p. 268), "who masquerade in history under the name of Crusaders! The bloodstained soldiers of the Cross swarmed like ants . . ., and wherever they swarmed they pilfered."

"The Greeks held," said Mr. Richard Davey (*The Sultan and His Subjects*, 1907, p. 289), "that the Turks and the Kurds were preferable to these cross-bedecked bandits, who evidently held the object of their journey to justify their greed."

Said the *Historian's History of the World* (1908, Vol. VIII. pp. 467 and 468); "Countless hosts of holy warriors fell, the victims of their own enthusiasm and military ardour. . . . No danger hung over Christendom when the Crusades commenced. . . . On principles of morals and politics the holy wars cannot be justified."

"Politicians who believe in crusading abroad should turn," said a London paper of the "intellectual" class (*Common Sense*, November 23, 1918), "to Gibbon, who said, 'The lives and labours of millions which were buried in the East would have been more profitably employed in the improvement of their native country.'"

Against such views as the above, put the words of Pope Pius X. (*Letter concerning an Article on the Oriental Churches*, December 26, 1910): "The principles of history are trampled underfoot when those holy enterprises, called the Crusades, are traduced as 'piratical expeditions.'"

Let us look at the plain facts of history. Of course, no one denies the miseries and evils which were associated with the Crusades. Can any war be other than terrible? Taking the matter *in globo*, however, Catholics can take the high ground that, after allowing for all the associated ills, the Crusades yet saved Christian civilization in Europe,—that they were *necessary* to save it,—and that we owe, to our forbears who took the Cross, a meed of gratitude and honour.

A true, scientific student of history will place his prejudices aside, and try to see the past as those who lived in it saw it. Of course, we do not wish to attribute to the Crusaders motives of which they were unaware, or which, at any rate, they would have put in a place of far less importance than does the modern historian who looks back upon their deeds. Their faring to the Orient was not actuated by cold, careful reckonings of economic or sociological consequences. They fought primarily for religious motives.

"Many thousands of people," said Von Sybel (*History of the Crusades*, Eng. trans., p. 10), "went every year to the famous abbeys of Clugny or Monte Cassino, to the graves of the Apostles, to Rome, or to St. Jago de Compostella;

and, above all, crossed the sea to Palestine, to the land which Christ trod, and to the rock which is said to have been His grave." And, later, when the Crusaders followed the path of those earlier pilgrims, it was for Holy Faith, and not for "economics," that they went:

At Clermont in Auvergne were met great hosts from near and far,  
From France, and from all Christendom, unto the Lord His war.

Nevertheless, we can take our modern depreciators of the Crusades on their own cold ground of mere political utility, and can show that, even there, we should still honour our Crusader forefathers, because it is largely a result of their heroic lives and deaths that we ourselves are not subjects of Moslem overlords. They saved Christian civilization from one of the deadliest perils that ever faced it!

"The Crusades," said Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. (*Life of St. Francis of Assisi*, ed. 1921, p. 186), "had been forced upon the Christian nations as a measure of defence: that was their initial justification."

"In 610," said Charles Seignobos (*History of Mediæval Civilization*, 1908, pp. 44-45), "Mohammed commenced his mission; at the time of his death all the Arabs were Mussulmāns. They had been converted half by persuasion, half by force. . . . After the death of Mohammed the Arabs applied themselves to the extension of the faith by the same means. To convert the other peoples they sent, not missionaries as the Christians did, but armies. The prophet himself had said, 'Fight the infidels until all resistance ceases and the religion of Allah is the only one. War against the infidels is a sacred war; Allah is with the combatants, and those who fall in battle will pass straight to Paradise.' The Khalifs, the successors of Mohammed, waged this sacred war . . . : the Koran, tribute, or the sword."

"The second ruler of the Seljuk dynasty," said Mr. Arthur Gilman (*The Saracens*, p. 433), "embraced Islam, and extended his dominions greatly; the third captured Jerusalem, and insulted and oppressed pilgrims from Christian lands so grossly as to give rise to the Crusades."

"Even the most short-sighted politicians," said Hallam (*Middle Ages*, Sir W. Smith's ed., 1880, p. 202), "were sometimes withdrawn from selfish objects by the appalling progress of the Turks." "No government," he observed again (same work, p. 272), "exhibits such a series of tyrants

as the Khalifs of Bagdad, if deeds of blood, wrought through unbridled passion or jealous policy, may challenge the name of tyranny."

"After the death of Mahomet," said Mosheim (*Church History*, trans. Maclaine, i. 158—159), "his followers, led on by an amazing intrepidity, and a fanatical fury, extended their conquests beyond the limits of Arabia, and subdued Syria, Persia, Egypt, and other countries, under their dominion. . . . As an uninterrupted course of success and prosperity renders, too generally, corrupt mortals insolent and imperious, so they treated the Christians, loading them with insupportable taxes, and obliging them to submit to a variety of vexatious and oppressive measures." Indeed, by the end of the seventh century (Mosheim, i. 168), "the Mahometans were infesting with their arms, and adding to their conquests, the most flourishing provinces of Asia, and obscuring, as far as their influence could extend, the lustre and glory of the Church."

Or (Sybel's *Crusades*, p. 2), "Fifty years after his [Mohammed's] death, his followers were already ruling the land from the Indus in the east, the Caucasus in the north, to the coasts of the Atlantic in the west."

What a yoke of grim dominance, too, the Islamic sway meant where it prevailed! "His [Mohammed's] mission from the first was not one of instruction, but of subjugation; unbelievers were rebels, who were to be smitten with the edge of the sword and forced to conform to the doctrines or pay tribute" (Von Sybel, *Crusades*, p. 3).

"From the Atlantic to the Ganges," said Dr. E. A. Freeman (*The Conquests of the Saracens*, p. 60), "the creed of Islam, engrafted on the old social and political system of the East, has proved the bitterest of all foes to Christian faith and Western law." Also (*ibid.*, p. 203): "So long as a government remains Mahometan, so long must it be intolerant at home; so long will it only be restrained by weakness from offering to other lands the old election of 'Koran, Tribute, or Sword.'"

Not only were the Christians oppressed, but they were forced to pay to help on the wars against themselves! "Christians were burdened with intolerable taxes, the produce of which was devoted to the Holy War [*Jihad*]" (Von Sybel, *Crusades*, p. 64). Indeed, Christians were even forced, by conscription, into the armies of Islam to fight

against the faith of their own fathers: Christian boys being reared especially as Moslems with that object. "These Sultans selected the stoutest youths from their Bulgarian, Servian, and Albanian captives, who were educated in habits of martial discipline, and formed into a regular force with the name of Janizaries. After conquest had put an end to personal captivity, a tax of every fifth male child was raised upon the Christian population for the same purpose" (Hallam, *Middle Ages*, pp. 280—281).

Even anti-Christian authors emphasize the grim oppression which the Moslem yoke meant. Mr. John M. Robertson, for example, says (*Short History of Christianity*, p. 201): "When the Moslem rule was established from Jerusalem to Carthage, the Christian Church was tolerated only to be humiliated."

Yet we are to believe that the Crusaders were spending blood and energy "to no purpose"; that they were mere "godly thieves" and "cross-bedecked bandits"; that their wars "cannot be justified"; that they "would have been better at home improving their own country"! Surely can such estimates be characterized accurately as "trampling under foot the principles of history"! The truth is, Christendom was fighting for its life, and, humanly speaking, the Crusades were necessary to save it.

Had the Crusaders remained "at home, improving their own country," they would, as free peoples, soon have had no "countries" to "improve"! They would have been the servile tributaries, or levied janizaries, of Islamic lords, and the blighting sway of the Crescent would have been supreme. Why, the very writers, who depreciate so facilely the Wars of the Cross, largely owe their own liberties to the deeds of those old warriors!

How grim, in very deed, was the menace of the onflowing tide of Moslem might! "In the year 715, these hordes had overrun all Western Asia, the whole northern coast of Africa, and much of Spain" (Von Sybel, *Crusades*, p. 3). "Muzra, the ambitious conqueror of Spain, conceived the plan—which, though vast, was not too extensive for men accustomed to subdue the world—by two great simultaneous attacks to render the whole of Christendom subservient to the Prophet" (*ibid.*).

Such, and such-like, were the threats glooming over Christendom, and the fetters which enchained large parts of it; yet, forsooth, it would have been, we are asked to believe,

better had the Crusaders stayed "at home," and not gone forth to face the Moslem hordes!

The Ottoman Turk conquered Adrianople in 1359, and began the subjugation of the Balkan Slavs. After subduing the Balkans in the awful battle of Koslova (1389), and after defeating at Nicopolis (1396) and Varna (1444), the armies sent against him by the Popes, the same Ottoman Turk captured Constantinople in 1453 and Trebizond in 1460. He then organized an attack upon Hungary, and even Italy (1480). By 1517 (*i.e.*, in the time of Luther), the Turk ruled from Belgrade on the Danube to Basra on the Persian Gulf, and from Armenia to Algiers.

"Mohammedan tyranny overwhelmed like a flood some of the richest countries of Europe, and thus were sacrificed not only the Byzantine Empire and the Slavonic peoples, but also Hungary and Southern Russia, till, only some 200 years ago, the alien had penetrated the very centre of Europe, and besieged Vienna" (*Europe and the Turks*, by Noel Buxton, 1912, p. 3).

Had it not been for the great decisive effort (inspired, and made possible, by the zeal derived from generations of Crusade traditions) of the Battle of Lepanto, might not the Moslem yoke, even in the beginning of the modern era, have been (humanly speaking) finally fixed?

At the beginning of this article we acknowledged the evils mixed up with the zeal of the Crusades. There was much disunity. This led to a great degree of failure to attain professed aims, and helped the Moslem foe. There were vices, moral evils to a deplorable extent. These had equally bad effects. For many of those engaged in the *guerras de la cruz*, "the Cross was," as Father Cuthbert said (*Life of St. Francis*, p. 277), "a mere war-cry, and the vision which beckoned the Crusader onward was but a secular love of adventure." Admit all this. Admit, also, that hatred of the paynim eclipsed the charity which should have aimed at his conversion. When we have acknowledged every bit of all this, however, what does it come to but that the warriors of the Crusades were liable to the evils inherent in the very nature of warfare? All wars are awful, however just and necessary. Every army (no matter how right and sacred the cause for which it fights) has a proportion of traitors, cowards, licentious soldiers, and is attended by many unworthy and mischievous camp-followers.



The fact remains, however, that the whole polity and life of Christendom were confronted with a menace greater, perhaps, than had ever faced them before.

Indeed, as Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton remarked, with quiet irony, "We see the full frenzy of those who killed themselves to find the sepulchre of Christ. But . . . we do not see the full frenzy of those who kill themselves to find the North Pole . . .—a place where no man can live" (*Heretics*, 1914, p. 303). The finding of the Pole, after all, will save no civilization nor religion from obliteration or slavery! Or—in other words of the same writer (*A Short History of England*, pp. 60-61, 62): "The inadequacy of our insular method in popular history is perfectly shown in the treatment of Richard Cœur de Lion. His tale is told with the implication that his departure for the Crusade was something like an escapade. . . . In truth it was more like a responsible Englishman now [1917] going to the Front. Christendom was nearly one nation, and the Front was the Holy Land. . . . The genius of Mahomet [had] launched out of the burning lands a cavalry charge that nearly conquered the world."

In this article we have designedly refrained from dwelling on the *cultural* reactions of the Crusades: the advancement of popular liberty in many places (*e.g.*, England) owing to the absence of so many turbulent warrior-barons "at the Front"; the increase of learning and commerce between East and West, notwithstanding all the horrors of war: (indeed, actually a beneficent resultant of the very circumstances which also produced those horrors!); all these effects were real and important to an enormous degree, but, after all, they were accidental products, and not the essential element, of the Crusades as such. We are, however, in this article concerned only with the *essential motives and justifications* of the Crusades.

There is a quaint theory, in some quarters, that the essence of those expeditions was simply or mainly a desire for adventure, or an instinct for movement and travel! At certain times, and in certain circumstances (so the theory runs) there are "movements of population," and one race will invade the territory of another race—or of other races—under the compelling impulse of the "nomadic instinct."

What, however, is the "nomadic instinct"? True enough, human beings tend to move, if only because they are active

beings, and cannot live at all without moving. What "instinct," however, is there for *populations*, or large masses of people, to move not only from one place to another, but over seas, and even to traverse a continent? Such a state of affairs will never take place merely from a "nomadic instinct," nor from a love of adventure nor a thirst for novelty. That spirit and that thirst are by no means dead in us English even in these days; but the only time there has been what can in any way be called a modern movement of great masses of people from this country was during the great war of 1914—1919: and those great Armies, voluntary and conscript, which moved, in their hundreds of thousands, from here to Europe, were impelled by the dominating motives of justice and self-preservation. The nation leapt to arms under a spirit of antagonism to injustice as displayed especially in the violation of Belgium; it continued the struggle, partly in that spirit still, and partly to preserve itself from defeat by the enemy. That, in innumerable gallant souls in the Armies which then went forth, the spirit of adventure and the desire for travel had a large place, no one will deny. Those desires, however, could never possibly have produced the mighty "movements of population," which were embodied in the great Armies. Only the warfare for justice and national self-preservation could have done *that*: though the ardent ambitions of young hearts greatly helped the work!

So, with the old Crusades. The "nomadic instinct," and the love of travel and adventure, could never have produced them. Two motives—and two only—were sufficient: religion and self-preservation.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton expressed this in his quaint phraseology thus (*The New Jerusalem*, pp. 217—219): "There is a clumsy German theory that at once patronizes and minimizes the Crusades. According to this theory, the essential truth about a Crusade was that it was not a Crusade. It was something that the professors, in the old days before the war, used to call a Teutonic Folk-Wandering. . . . They [the Crusaders] were not inspired either by faith or fanaticism, but by an unusually aimless taste for foreign travel." Mr. Chesterton goes on to show how this theory (if valid) would as well apply to the war of 1914—1919 as to the Crusades: "Surely the American Army in France must have drifted eastward merely through the same vague nomadic need as the Christian Army in Palestine! Surely Pershing

as well as Peter the Hermit was merely a rather restless gentleman who found his health improved by frequent change of scene!"

Self-preservation alone, however (even on the national scale), would not be sufficient to account for the Crusades. It was an essential factor, but *religion* also was essential. To estimate the degree of danger of the Moslem political menace, would have required an amount of technical knowledge impossible in those days; nor could a sufficient degree of cohesion have been attained thereby. The motive of *Christian chivalry* was indispensable.

It was, then, *the Church* which saved western civilization. What a fallacy it is to say the Crusades "failed"! They *partly* did: *i.e.*, like everything else in this imperfect world, they did not achieve all they had in view. They fell short of it a very great deal indeed! They did not, however, *fail*. The idea that they really "failed" is due to the theories of Voltaireanism and mid-nineteenth-century rationalism; even the old non-Catholic German historians did not go so far as *that*! For example (Kurtz, *History of the Christian Church*, trans. Edersheim, 1860, i. 372—373): "By these expeditions, Europe lost nearly 6,000,000 of men in bootless attempts. In the end every hope and purpose cherished by the Crusaders was frustrated. Still, the consequences of these expeditions proved of deepest importance, and their influence extended to all departments of life, both ecclesiastical and political, spiritual and intellectual, civil and industrial." The admission, in the latter sentence, seems strangely inconsistent with the depreciation in the former! How "bootless" and entirely "frustrated," when "all departments of life" were affected?

As Mr. Chesterton (*New Jerusalem*, p. 223) said, "Long before the Crusaders had dreamed of riding to Jerusalem, the Moslems had almost ridden into Paris. . . . If the Crusaders nearly conquered Palestine, it was but a return upon the Moslems who had nearly conquered Europe."

The Crusaders arose, fared forth, and withstood a frightful peril as of death to Christendom; and, for all their defects, yet their efforts, and the effects of their zeal on others (even on later generations), saved Europe. They fell short of their ideals (for they were men, not angels), but they saved Europe, and, if that can be counted as success, the Crusades were the very opposite of failures!

J. W. POYNTER.

## THE TRANSITION PERIOD OF CATHOLIC MYSTICISM

### II.

**A**LTHOUGH the older generation of Bollandists, and notably the most famous of them, Father Daniel Papebrock, set, as a rule, a good example of critical discernment in distinguishing legendary sources from sober history, still there were occasions when the credulity of the age or the force of local tradition seem to have got the better of the sound principles with which the hagiographers identified themselves. A conspicuous instance of such a lapse of judgment is to be found in their treatment of the Life of the Belgian ascetic best known as "Christina Mirabilis," St. Christina the Wonderful. Father Jean Pien (Pinus), editing the biography written by Thomas de Chantimpré, O.P.,<sup>1</sup> is at great pains to vindicate the historical character of the astounding incidents therein recorded. The modern Bollandists seem by no means inclined to uphold the verdict of their eighteenth-century confrère,<sup>2</sup> and there can be no question that even though we may acquit Thomas de Chantimpré of deliberately and consciously romancing, the details set down in his Life of St. Christina the Wonderful are utterly untrustworthy.

As to the historical existence of Christina, however, we have no reason to doubt. The Dominican biographer just referred to, who wrote, somewhere about the year 1232, only eight years after her death,<sup>3</sup> makes special appeal to the testimony of two informants who knew her well and from whom he gleaned his materials. He does not seem to have ever been in personal contact with her, but he tells us positively in his prologue that she is the woman referred to in the following terms by Cardinal Jacques de Vitry when he dedicated his Life of Marie d'Oignies to Bishop Foulques:

I saw another on whom the Lord wrought a wondrous work, for after she had lain a long time lifeless, before she was buried,

<sup>1</sup> See the *Acta Sanctorum*, July, Vol. V., pp. 637—660, original edition, Antwerp, 1727.

<sup>2</sup> See for example what is said in the *Analecta Bollandiana*, Vol. XIX. (1900), pp. 58 and 365—366.

<sup>3</sup> Kaufmann, *Thomas von Chantimpré* (1899), p. 41.

her soul returned to her body, and she revived, having obtained permission from God to go through her purgatory in this world. Accordingly she underwent many severe afflictions at God's hand. Sometimes she rolled herself in the fire, at other times she would go out in the depth of winter and stand for a long time in freezing water. Sometimes she was driven into the tombs of the dead. At length, however, when her penance was finished, she lived in the greatest calm and peace, and God gave her such grace and power that she was often caught up by the spirit and carried to purgatory, where she released many suffering souls and conducted them to heaven, without any harm to herself.<sup>1</sup>

Clearly Cardinal de Vitry tells us nothing here which need suggest any doubt as to his own good faith and general trustworthiness. If a cataleptic trance may simulate death so closely that even the trained general practitioner of our own day can occasionally be deceived in pronouncing life to be extinct, it must have been inevitable that such mistakes should have occurred from time to time when no greater medical skill was available than the rude empirical knowledge of the twelfth century. Visions of hell and purgatory abounded at this period, and, indeed, had been known from the earliest dawn of Christian literature. The young monk of Eynsham, near Oxford, who was found, on Good Friday morning, 1196, prostrate on the pavement in the choir, was almost given up for dead. "They pricked him with needles," we are told, "and scraped the soles of his feet, but nothing might be perceived in him of a living man, save a little redness of cheeks and a little warmth of body." But when after some forty hours of trance he at last came to himself, the story of his experiences in the underworld took days to relate, and now fills more than 80 closely-printed octavo pages. It is quite certain that Jacques de Vitry was not present when Christina was restored to life during the Mass celebrated at her obsequies. This happened in 1182 when Jacques was only one year old, and in fact he did not come to Belgium at all until nearly 25 years later. Consequently the story I have just quoted can only have been related to Vitry by others almost a quarter of a century after the incident took place. There can be little doubt that he knew Christina personally, because he tells us himself that he had seen her, but at that period she was living in "the greatest calm" except for the occasional ecstasies in which she be-

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Marie d'Oignies*, Eng. Trans., pp. 324-325.

lieved that she was privileged to visit purgatory and heaven. The really tempestuous period of her life, filled, as Chantimpré's contemporaries believed, with those most extraordinary manifestations which gained her her title of *Mirabilis*, was already long past. I emphasize this fact because it explains the whole situation. Thomas de Chantimpré wrote his biography of Christina in 1232, more than forty years after the events which at first sight make his narrative so incredible. He was himself, as his other works prove, all agape for miracles and the most uncritical of chroniclers. Neither is there any reason to suppose that his two principal authorities, the recluse Yvette and the Abbot of Saint-Trond, were any more likely than he was to discount the stories which were reported to them. Hence it is in every way probable that the marvels which swarm in Chantimpré's brief history are all enormously exaggerated. On the other hand, they do bear a curious relation to certain phenomena of mysticism which come to us upon much better evidence in the case of many later mystics; and for that reason I am not at all disposed to regard them as pure inventions. It is this which lends a special interest to Thomas of Chantimpré's preposterous narrative. From what he records, we seem entitled to draw the inference that already in the last quarter of the twelfth century, probably between the years 1180 and 1190, strange manifestations were taking place, which we can only class provisionally as belonging to the realm of morbid psychology. These manifestations are closely akin to others which we find reappearing in great abundance at a later date, sometimes in the séance room, sometimes in the hospital, sometimes in the cloister—at one period puzzling the grim Inquisitors of Spain and Italy, at another provoking heated discussions among scientists, especially those engaged in the study of neurotic disorders. Unfortunately the information we can deduce from Chantimpré's credulous acceptance, if not reckless exaggeration, of the marvels which were told him, is far too vague to form a satisfactory starting point for further inquiry, but, even so, it is not without its value, and it will not be time lost to review some of the phenomena with which Christina the Wonderful was credited during the years which immediately followed the alleged miracle of her restoration to life in 1182.

We have already heard Jacques de Vitry's brief reference



to this incident. Jacques, who wrote about 1215, was a man of much more sober judgment than Thomas de Chantimpré, and it is not surprising that the latter, who in any case drafted his account nearly twenty years later, should give a much more startling version of the scene of the resuscitation.

While the sacrifice of the Mass [writes Thomas] was being offered at her funeral, suddenly the body shivered and stood up from the bier,<sup>1</sup> and straightway rising into the air like a bird she flew up to the rafters of the building (*templi trabes ascendit*). All the company present took to flight and only her elder sister remained trembling until the Mass was over, whereupon the other was constrained by the priest with the Blessed Sacrament to descend to earth again. It was the subtlety of her spiritual substance, so some conjecture, which felt a loathing for the odour proceeding from the bodies of men.<sup>2</sup>

In the time which followed, Christina's levitations, according to her biographer, became more and more extraordinary. Everywhere she sought to escape from the presence of any crowd of her fellow creatures. She would take refuge in the tops of trees, the summits of towers or churches, or the roof of any other high building. "Her body," we are told, "was so subtle and light that she would walk on any dizzy height or precipice, and hang suspended like a sparrow from the topmost twigs of the loftiest tree." Further, "she used to stand erect upon a fence of palings, and in that position she would recite all the psalms of the Office; in fact, it distressed her extremely to set foot to ground while she was so engaged." That a prodigious amount of exaggeration had crept into these accounts during the forty years which elapsed before Thomas of Chantimpré consigned them to writing cannot admit of doubt, but when we compare them with the statements attested by the numerous eye-witnesses who gave evidence in the Process of such saints as St. Joseph of Copertino, St. Mary Magdalen de' Pazzi, Blessed Martin de Porres, etc.,<sup>3</sup> it would seem rash to deny the possibility of similar marvels when related of Christina the Wonderful.

If any phenomena of this kind were known to have been exhibited in one who seems so resolutely to have avoided all

<sup>1</sup> It is to be remembered that closed coffins were rarely used at this period except in the case of personages of great consequence.

<sup>2</sup> A.A.S.S., July, Vol. V., p. 651. It may be that *templi trabes ascendit* really means no more than that she climbed up into the rood loft.

<sup>3</sup> See the article on "Levitation" in THE MONTH, May, 1919, pp. 321 seq.

contact with her fellow creatures, we cannot be surprised that among the rude peasantry the idea should have gained ground that Christina was possessed by a troop of devils. It would also have been an almost inevitable consequence that on that supposition attempts would be made to seize her by force and keep her in confinement. It is asserted that she was caught, locked up and bound repeatedly, but almost always effected her escape. On one occasion we are told that a man who pursued her, having at last overtaken her, knocked her down with the blow of a heavy stick which broke her shin-bone. This is a definite fact which seems likely to be historical. But in connection with the endeavours to keep her under restraint, perhaps the most remarkable feature and the least likely to have suggested itself to the hagiographer spontaneously unless some observed phenomenon had suggested materials for the idea, is the extraordinary limpness of body and flexibility of limb which seem to belong more to the character of an acrobat or a contortionist than to that of a pious virgin of Christ. We are told that at times of very intense and fervent prayer "she melted, so to speak, like wax and rolled herself up into a ball,"<sup>1</sup> and that when the rapture had passed she gave the impression of a hedgehog (*instar ericei*) when it resumes its natural shape and begins once more to move along the ground. Again, when anyone in the town died, if some supernatural intimation was conveyed to her that that soul was lost, she wept, twisting herself backwards and forwards with all sorts of contortions, especially of her arms and fingers, "as if they were made of soft and flexible tissue without any bones."<sup>2</sup> She sometimes visited the nuns of the convent of St. Catharine, just outside Saint-Trond, and there it is stated that when some pious conversation arose about Christ our Lord, "she would suddenly and unexpectedly be rapt by the spirit and her body would rotate whirlingly like a child's hoop, revolving so rapidly that it was impossible to distinguish the outline of her separate limbs. Moreover, as the movement quieted down, "a marvellous harmony," such as no human ear had ever listened to, made itself audible, which seemed to come from between her throat and her chest. There appeared to be words, but no separate words were distinguish-

<sup>1</sup> "Velut calefacta cera, omnia membra eius in unum globum concluderantur, nec poterat in eis nisi tantum corpus sphericum deprehendi."—A.A.S.S., p. 653, n. 16.

<sup>2</sup> *Ib.* p. 655, n. 25.

able, and no trace of breath issued from either mouth or nose. We are left to infer that the sound must somehow have been like the humming of a gigantic top. Obviously there must have been portentous exaggeration here, and possibly deliberate invention. The fact that the convent was a convent of St. Catherine might well have suggested the idea of the wheel, and we neither know through what channel this information came to Thomas of Chantimpré nor have we any confirmation of the story from other sources. Still, even here, we have at a later date such curious narratives of the contortions of hysterical patients, such as probably were the possessed nuns of Loudun, or again, of the "elongations" of mystics in trance, notably in the case of Veronica Laparelli, not to speak of similar phenomena in the case of Home and other mediums, that it would seem rash to deny that there may have been some curious physical contortions in the instance of Christina the Wonderful which formed the basis of fact from which these strange stories were evolved. There are things related of St. Joseph of Copertino which are very similar, and the extravagant writhings and gestures of the *Convulsionnaires* of Saint-Médard are familiar to all students of the religious history of the eighteenth century.<sup>1</sup>

One point connected with the case of Veronica Laparelli, just referred to, strikes me as of exceptional interest in the present context. During the formal episcopal inquiry into the virtues of Veronica, undertaken as a preliminary to the process of canonization, reliable evidence was given of the curious fact that during her ecstasies she was sometimes seen to grow considerably taller than at normal times. "She was observed gradually to stretch out until the length of her throat, in particular, seemed to be out of all proportion." Some of the nuns accordingly took a yard-measure and measured her height, and afterwards, when she had come to herself, measured her again, and she was at least ten inches, or, as others worded it, "half an arm's length" shorter. This was the language of those who had actually taken part in the experiment and seen with their own eyes. A hundred years later, however, when a second inquiry took place (before the "apostolic" as distinguished from the "ordinary" commission), the nuns of the convent, who then (1728) gave

<sup>1</sup> Durand, *Le Jansénisme au xviii. siècle*, p. 337, quotes a contemporary account: "Ou les voit frémir de tous les membres, faire des contorsions affreuses, des culbutes pénibles . . . tourner la tête avec une rapidité étonnante," etc.

evidence on oath, declared that according to the traditions perpetuated among them, Sister Veronica in her ecstasies was *twice* her normal height. It would be hard to find a more striking example of the exaggerations which occur through mere lapse of time among presumably conscientious people.<sup>1</sup> If the facts can be so transformed in the different stages of a post-Reformation official inquiry, what must we expect of the irresponsible gossip by which stories were transmitted five hundred years earlier to chroniclers whose main interest was the quest of the marvellous.

Of the remaining manifestations attributed to Christina the Wonderful, none seem so worthy of attention as her alleged immunity from the effects of heat. It will be remembered that Jacques de Vitry in his brief notice says of her: "Sometimes she rolled herself in the fire" (*quandoque se volutabat in ignem*), but Thomas de Chantimpré goes into much fuller detail, seeming at the same time to suggest, by the position assigned to the paragraph, that these incidents belonged to the very first period after her resurrection from the dead. Indeed, if the motive for her return to earth was, as asserted, the horror she had conceived of the torments of purgatory and the desire of making expiation in this life for herself and others, it seems intelligible that, coming fresh from her experience of purgatorial flames, she should be prompt to show her contempt for any pain that could be caused by the fires of earth. Be this as it may, Chantimpré informs us:

Then Christina began to carry out that work for which the Lord had sent her back to earth. She crept into fiery ovens where the bread was baking, and there she suffered as any other mortal would suffer, so that her cries of anguish were terrible to hear; but when she made her way out again, no damage of any sort appeared in her body. When no oven was at hand she threw herself into any roaring fire which she found in the houses of men, or else she thrust her feet or her hands into it and kept them there so long that unless some miracle of God had been worked they must have been consumed to ashes. Sometimes also she stepped into great caldrons of boiling water and stood there immersed up to the breast, or up to the waist, as the case might be, while over those parts of her body which thus remained free from torment she poured other scalding water, shrieking the while

<sup>1</sup> I may refer for these facts to a note of mine in the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*, June, 1919, pp. 51—56.

like a woman in labour, and yet when she came out she was quite unharmed.<sup>1</sup>

Now it is impossible to ignore the fact that, astounding as this account may be, there is a remarkable amount of quite respectable evidence to prove that in different parts of the world certain ascetics, spiritualistic mediums, and others under the influence of highly wrought emotional excitement, have passed unscathed through the ordeal of fire. The subject is too vast to be dealt with in any detail here, but the late Mr. Andrew Lang, who devoted much study to the problem, states quite simply that "a rite of passing deliberately, and unscathed, through ovens or furnaces, yet exists in Japan, Bulgaria, the Society Islands, Fiji, Southern India, Trinidad, the Straits Settlements, the Isle of Mauritius, and, no doubt, in other regions."<sup>2</sup> 'It is declared by a number of credible witnesses that Home, the medium, on many occasions thrust his hand into a brightly burning fire, stirred it about, took out a large blazing coal in full combustion, carried it round the room, placed it upon the bare hand or even upon the head of one or two of the spectators present, and all this without injury either to himself or anyone else. Colonel Andrew Haggard saw the fire-walk done at Tokio on April 9, 1899. The fire was six yards long by six feet wide. People of all ages walked through, not glowing stones in this case, but "red-hot charcoal." "I examined their feet afterwards," says Colonel Haggard, "they were quite soft and not a trace of fire upon them."<sup>3</sup> One young Japanese lady told the same observer that she had not only done the fire-walk, but had been "able to sit for a long time, in winter, immersed in ice-cold water, without feeling the cold in the least."

An interesting account of a fire-walk ceremony near Madras, which took place on July 23rd, 1899, is given by Mr. H. K. Beauchamp, Fellow of the Madras University. It may serve as a specimen of many similar narratives. He tells us that over a space of five yards square the glowing embers lay to a depth of three or four inches. Across this marched some fifty devotees with bare feet,

some walking slow and others fast, but none of them rushing

<sup>1</sup> AA.SS., July, Vol. V., p. 652, n. 11.

<sup>2</sup> Lang, *Magic and Religion*, pp. 271 seq. Mr. Lang gives the evidence then available with considerable fulness.

<sup>3</sup> Quoted by Mr. Lang, *Magic and Religion*, p. 284.

through. The fire-walkers were of all ages and several different castes. An interesting feature of the performance was that a boy of about eight years also walked over the fire, while a still smaller child was hurried over hanging on the hand of its father. . . . What struck me most was that the glowing embers were loose, not beaten down or flattened in any way, and the feet of the fire-walkers, as they went through, actually sank into the bed of loose fire. Neither the *pujari* nor any of the devotees lifted their feet high: they seemed rather to wade through the fire, as through shallow water. . . . After the performance I went and stood over the embers, and the heat was absolutely unbearable for more than a second or two.<sup>1</sup>

Not less remarkable are the statements made regarding the girl Sonet, nicknamed the Salamander, who was famous among the Convulsionnaires at Saint-Médard. We are told that she remained suspended for more than thirty-six minutes above a fiery brazier enveloped only in a sheet, which also remained intact in the midst of the flames.<sup>2</sup> Not to dwell further upon this feature, I will only point out that Christina the Wonderful, like the Japanese young lady referred to by Colonel Haggard, is alleged to have been as impervious to extreme cold as she was to burning heat. Chantimpré declares that during a hard frost she immersed herself for six days continuously in the river Meuse; but this is evidently an extravagance which goes far beyond the much more moderate statement of Jacques de Vitry quoted at the beginning of this article.

Undoubtedly some of the marvels recounted of Christina have all the air of deliberate inventions due to the morbid imagination of an unscrupulous romancer. Such, for example, is the story that when the stench which she perceived to come from her fellow men had driven her into solitary places far from their abodes, and when she in consequence was in danger of starvation, God miraculously caused her breasts to fill with milk upon which she supported herself for nine weeks. Equally preposterous are the assertions that on one of the occasions when she was captured and kept in chains, she tore off the dressings which a doctor had applied to her broken leg, and Christ our Lord Himself came to heal her, while during yet another period of

<sup>1</sup> *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*, 1900, pp. 315—316.

<sup>2</sup> For further details see Hipp. Blanc, *Le Merveilleux dans le Jansénisme*. pp. 118—119.



imprisonment, when her body, owing to the tightness of her bonds, was covered with sores, her breasts became filled with a wonderful oil with which she healed her wounds and made the hard crusts given her for food delicious to the palate.

But, as already stated, in spite of the fact that Chantimpré's biography contains many things that are preposterous and incredible, the relatively sober paragraph which Jacques de Vitry devotes to the same subject is sufficient to warn us that there must be after all a substratum of truth in this extravagant history. We can hardly resist the conclusion that some thirty years before the great Franciscan movement had reawakened the religious life of Italy and Southern Europe, some great mystical revival had begun in the Netherlands, in which certain physico-psychic phenomena played a conspicuous part. There is no particular reason to doubt that Christina, like so many later ascetics, did possess, as her biographer declares, a remarkable knowledge of the spiritual and mental condition of those with whom she came into contact. She apparently had a kind of second sight by which she saw battles and deaths that were happening at a great distance. She foretold the conversion of a very wicked man who on one occasion was kind to her, she also predicted the fall of a nun in the convent of her native town, and announced, before it had happened, the taking of Jerusalem by Saladin in 1187. Unless some such genuine wonders as these had really impressed the peasantry among whom she led her strange existence, it is difficult to account for the veneration which she evidently inspired in Jacques de Vitry and in many other earnest and intelligent people in the district in which her story was known.

HERBERT THURSTON.

## FORT REGENT

(Concluded)

### XI.

IT was still August, though near the end of it, and hot, summer weather, when the brothers came to the Fort. By the time Harden could be moved daily, for a little change, into the former barrack-room which was the O'Lones' living-room, September was far advanced and summer seemed gone for the year. The sea lay dark under lowering skies, there were frequent rains, and the winds, both northerly and westerly, were chill and austere.

Patsy, for herself, did not mind. Accustomed to work indoors she preferred weather which made a kitchen-fire pleasant company, to hot sun and airs that made it a trial. But, for her patient's sake, she was sorry that, as the time drew near when he might be allowed to get out of doors there should seem so little promise of fine weather to make going out a treat for him.

The evenings, at all events, were cheerful and pleasant, when, the whole party gathered together in the big white living-room, one of the young men read aloud, O'Lone smoked, and the three women sat stitching and listening. Those books were to each of them windows opened out into a new and vast world. To Eileen, who had most imagination, the books seemed least real: to Patsy, who had hardly any, they were most real, actual, and true. And, in some fashion, she learned most from them. For her everything must be a part of her religion; and hearing of these new, and often strange, characters widened her charity, which, she accused herself, had been too home-bound.

Harden had written to London for other books, and among them was one of Balzac's, the only one of that great wayward writer's the young man would have chosen to read aloud in such a circle. Of the three women who listened to *Eugénie Grandet*, Patsy was the most poignantly moved and touched. Norah was too greatly depressed by the sad tale to like it thoroughly, and Eileen, he saw, was guarding herself from depression by persistent refusal to forget that the sadness was all of the author's making, and that Balzac might have arranged everything quite happily for Grandet's daughter had he chosen.

To Patsy, as the reader plainly perceived, it was all fact; and Eugénie's history a chronicle of real pain that hurt her. Patsy was not clever, like Eileen: she was only deep-hearted.

When the book was finished, Patsy, to Harden alone, spoke of it. Her father was at work, it being fine though dull, in his garden; Lynch and Norah had walked to the village for some groceries, Eileen, with a headache, was lying down in her own room.

"This Mr. Balzac," Patsy asked, "must have been a Catholic?"

"Oh, yes! but not altogether one you would approve. He wrote much that I could not read to you, and which you would not read to yourself. I chose *Eugénie Grandet* on purpose. In it, at all events, he is on the side of the angels. I think no one could learn from it anything but admiration of goodness, and religion. To him there is only one, the Catholic religion."

"There is only one."

"I expect you are right," Harden answered. He was, clearly, not offended. She had not been sure whether he would not be so: but she could not help saying what she believed.

"It hangs together," he went on, "and it does not compromise. That seems an essential condition of truth in religion."

Perhaps Patsy did not completely understand him, but she did understand that he was speaking respectfully of her faith. That, however, he would have done in any case.

"If you think it must be the true religion," she asked simply, "why isn't it your own?"

"Perhaps it will be. I can only answer your question by saying that to profess a faith one must be given faith. Perhaps it will be given."

"If you deserve it," she suggested.

"Exactly. *You* inherit it: and, if you did not, you would deserve to. I don't inherit it, and have to deserve the gift of it. Being here has made me admire your religion. But admiring is not believing. I am reading about your faith since I have been here, learning more about it. It all seems as if it should be true——"

"It is true."

"If I could say that as you say it, I should be a Catholic like you. I can't—not yet anyway. It's no use saying 'I believe' till I do."

"God will make you believe if you want to."

"I think I do want to," the young man told her, after a few moments of consideration.

"You should hold your hand out to God," Patsy suggested, "like the man with the withered arm. Our Lord told him to stretch it out, and he didn't say 'I can't; it's withered.' He just held it out."

Harden, listening to her quiet, certain voice, was oddly impressed by the simple woman. But he said:

"The young man *heard* Christ tell him that."

"Don't you? I do," Patsy answered, as undoubtingly as if she were listening to an audible voice. "I will ask Him to make you hear Him. I'll get Eileen to ask."

"Your sister?" Harden queried, certainly surprised.

"Yes. When I used to want anything special I always got her to pray for it, and it almost always came."

"Why? do you think?"

"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps because she is more of a child than me. I suppose the mothers of those children that played round our Lord's knees, when He was teaching the grown-up people, knew more than they did. But if one of them had asked her little girl to climb up on His knee and ask some favour, I'm sure He would not have refused the little thing. The child would have been so sure of not being refused. He never would have disappointed it."

#### XII.

Meanwhile Norah and Lynch were running before the rain. The chill clouds had grown tired of holding up, and no sooner were Norah and her friend out of the village on their way home than a cold rain had begun to fall.

"I am afraid," he said, "you will be drenched."

"Pr'aps it's only a shower. If we do get wet, we can change directly we get home. It won't matter much. It's rather fun to get a bit wet when you can change soon into warm, dry things, and feel so comfortable after. The house'll only seem pleasanter. I'm glad we came out."

"So am I. Since you take it so good-humouredly."

"But I forgot *you*. Perhaps you London gentlemen don't see any fun in getting wet."

"Not in London, perhaps. But, if you please, I'm not a London gentleman down here. Look, though! There's a shed, let's run to it, and shelter for a bit. If it *is* a shower we can wait till it's over. If not we can wait till we've got fresh wind to run home on. I'm out of puff!"

"So—am—I—a—little," Norah admitted as she ran.

It did not take long to reach the shed Lynch had pointed out. Its open side looked eastward, and the weather, as the girl would have said, came from the west, the blustering westerly gale driving the cold rain before it. The shed stood high, and from it, both eastward and westward, the line of rocky coast stretched "as far as God had any land."

The wind went whistling past, but no longer took away the breath of the two young people who had been running against it. The girl's face glowed with a pretty colour, and her eyes shone. It was obvious that she really did enjoy the rough weather.

"Who would have thought the rain would have come on so soon?" said Lynch. "It has been threatening all day, and I thought it would do no more than threaten till night at all events."

"Father said the rain would come. He said he would scarcely have time to finish his job in the garden before it came. That's why I put on this dress—it's a winter dress, really.

Norah was not so smart as usual, but Lynch thought she looked better thus, than in some of her more ambitious, more ornamented costumes.

"I like to see this sort of weather too," he told her. "It gives a different idea of the place. Certainly the island is lovely under sun and blue sky, but the wild weather *suits* the wild coast better. Have you ever seen really *bad* storms here?"

"Yes, often enough. No winter goes by without more than one."

So they talked of storm and shipwreck, though the shipwrecks were matter of hearsay and tradition to Norah.

"There were many, they say, before the lighthouse was built," she told her companion. "Several each winter."

And so they came to the subject of the lighthouse and its keepers.

"I like Plunch," said Lynch. "In spite of his absurd name one feels he is exactly what he ought to be for his place."

"Don't you like young Boady?"

"He's one of those people no one could like or dislike much. There's nothing *to* him, as Americans say. He's just a good sort of lump."

Norah laughed.

"Even Patsy admits that much. But she isn't too encouraging when he comes round. He'd be *thick* if he didn't see she would as lief have his room as his company."

"But he comes all the same?"

"When he can get Mr. Plunch to bring him," Norah answered, laughing again. "He's too bashful to come alone. I don't think he dare face Patsy alone. She has a way of looking, when he arrives, as if she supposed he had come for some business, and was waiting to hear what it was. That's trying to a visitor who only comes to be neighbourly."

Lynch was amused.

"Your sister," he surmised, "may think his best way of being neighbourly would be to stop at home. She is not one to think that just anybody, sitting on a chair, and getting hot, is better company than nobody. I expect she'd prefer the chair."

"So she would. She'd do anything on earth for anybody, if there was anything she could do: but if not she's quite content to see no one but ourselves."

"Is that why she puts up with my brother—just because she can do something for him?"

"Oh, but she likes *him*: I never saw her like anybody so much."

"I'm afraid she doesn't like *me* much."

"I can't tell you how she feels about you. I'm sure she would like you if you were—well if you were a Catholic."

"But," Lynch objected, "Harry is not a Catholic either."

"No. But then—I think it's this way: *his* father was not a Catholic. Yours was, and so she thinks, somehow, that you ought to be one."

"Yet it is not my fault."

"No. She knows that now. I believe she feels it unjust to forget that, and yet she does forget it all the time. You must not think she has any dislike to you, for yourself. How could she?"

"I should like her to like me. She is about the best person I ever met."

"Oh, you have no idea *how* good she is!"

"I think I have. There can't be much the matter with a religion that makes such a woman."

"There's *nothing* the matter with it," said Norah, flushing up.

"No. That is really what I meant. Harry and I have been talking a lot about it, and reading about it too. I will



tell you—though it's only my own idea at present—I am pretty sure he will become a Catholic."

("I wish it was his brother," thought Norah.) But aloud she said:

"Oh, I hope so! I like him so much. We all do. He would be such a good Catholic if he became one."

"Shouldn't I?"

Norah found it easy enough to speak with enthusiastic praise of the absent brother, but it was not so simple a matter to say what she thought, to his face, to the brother standing at her side.

"I am sure," she replied, "you would not become a Catholic at all unless you meant to be a good one."

"I hope not. . . . I am just as much impressed as Harry is by what we have seen here of Catholic life—of your religion in practice. But he has a better head than I have and understands things quicker. There's a great deal to understand in the teaching of your Church."

"Oh yes! I'm sure I know that. But, Mr. Lynch, the head isn't everything: and perhaps God thinks as much of the heart. I hope so, for I've not much head. When our Lord was choosing His apostles He did not seem to look for them among the learned people; there must have been more intellectual people in the world, and He knew them all, than those poor fishermen. I expect most of those who first listened to Him, and did what He asked them to do, could not even read. His own Heart taught theirs. Those Pharisees and Scribes were more learned, weren't they? than the common people who heard Him gladly: but they hadn't the hearts to hear Him calling, and they never came."

The girl, shy as she was, and neither learned nor clever, was utterly in earnest, and her voice seemed to glow like her face, as she made her simple plea.

Perhaps she was hardly flattering, for she seemed to concede that her hearer might have less "head" than his brother: nevertheless, her hearer had never heard her speak with more pleasure. He saw that, wholly different as she was from her elder sister, she was not a whit less earnest and eager than Patsy.

"I will," she said, after a little pause, "ask our Lord to take your heart into His own, and set it on fire. It is with your heart you will love Him, not with your head: and it matters more to love Him than to understand deep and difficult things. I hope very much He will bring you both

into His truth: but if it is by two ways what does it matter? Your way will be as good as your brother's."

How could it hurt the young man to perceive that the girl had a little, unconscious jealousy on his behalf, as if someone had been hinting that his brother stood higher than he, and had superior gifts?

"It is clearing," she said presently, "and much lighter. We can get home now. I'm not out of breath any longer."

### XIII.

Miss Grape was quite impatient for news from the Fort.

"Well, Mr. Plunch," she said to her brother-in-law on his return from a visit there, "have you no news to tell us?"

"There's been a railway accident in the United States. That's all I heard."

"United States indeed! Didn't you hear any 'ints of united states coming on at the Fort?"

Miss Grape swayed and laughed, and rattled her hard curls, this time with an excuse for her laughter in her own pungent humour. Plunch denied having heard anything of the kind.

"What! with two beaux for 'em to string!"

"There's not much bothering about beaux up at the Fort," Plunch declared.

"I daresay old Patsy's glum face keeps them off," opined Miss Grape.

"Old Patsy won't see forty for another half dozen years," Plunch remarked coolly.

"Nor shall I," Miss Grape protested boldly.

"No, nor for another eighty-five," her brother-in-law observed, after a brief calculation.

Mrs. Plunch, who was younger than her sister, allowed herself to smile, though confused by the figures.

Miss Grape laughed on, but with some irritation.

"Forty or no," she observed with prickly benevolence, "she's young enough for the doctor: and I wish her luck."

"Very likely," said Plunch. "But she won't oblige you. If her sisters do marry, and I don't say they won't, her father would need her all the more. *She'd* never leave him all alone."

"Poor fellow!" said Miss Grape, pitying.

Plunch merely sucked at his pipe, and made it gurgle. Miss Grape, not much pleased with the conversation, presently went upstairs to her own room. Then Plunch, turning to his wife, said with great decision of manner:

"Polly, just tell her to knock it off. What she's bothering about's no go—no go at all. Patsy O'Lone isn't going to get married, she's not that sort and she thinks no more of marrying the doctor than you do. Selina wants her to because she'd be out o' the way, and Selina hopes O'Lone would have no one to keep *her* off him. Tell her to knock it off. O'Lone couldn't be got at if Patsy *was* out o' the way, and Selina had better not make a fool of herself. I won't *have* it: let her knock it off or she and me will quarrel. Your sister is welcome to live with you, but not if she makes a fool of herself: if you won't tell her *I* will."

Mrs. Plunch undertook, under protest, to convey his message to her sister, and did so with sufficient plainness to make her understand that Plunch was in earnest. He had always been annoyed at Miss Grape's previous adventure and its financial success, and disgusted that she should herself think it rather a feather in her cap.

"A lighthouse keeper," he told his wife, "is as good as a barrack-warden any day: but after being up at the Fort I feel sick to come home and see Selina at her scheming. It makes me feel as if they *were* better than us. There's nothing o' that up there: not with any o' them. It makes Selina seem *common*, after them; vulgar it makes her seem."

"Of course you abuse my sister," Mrs. Plunch complained, just because she *is* my sister."

"No. It's because she's your sister I put up with her. I'd rather we had the house to ourselves, else. She's not like you, Polly. Nobody'd think you *were* sisters. You've none of her ways; I wish she *was* like you; if she was O'Lone'd be a lucky man to get her, not that he'll marry anybody. Norah and Eileen will; and he and Patsy will stick together, and quite right too."

Patsy herself was beginning to face the possibility of her sisters leaving the old home for homes of their own, and to face it without objection or scruple. As time went by she found herself at liberty to like the two brothers sincerely; to like them was no longer a sort of temptation, or danger: for she saw they were steadily nearing the point of declaring their full determination to become Catholics. Then she assured herself that neither Eileen or Norah would have married a Protestant.

"We shall miss you both badly," she told the young men, on the night before the day fixed for their departure. "The place won't seem the same, not the same as it was before you came."

"No indeed," her father agreed.

"But may i't we come back?" Harden asked, laughing. "Eileen says we may."

"So does Norah," Lynch declared. "I asked her yesterday."

"So she told me," Patsy admitted, smiling.

"So that's it," O'Lone remarked.

"That's just it," said Harden, "if you give leave. But we shan't come back to stay long: and you'll miss us worse when we go away then. Though Eileen and Norah won't."

The two girls blushed, and Patsy rose from her chair and went across to kiss each of them.

"We shall miss all of them, shan't we, father? But they won't forget us. And so long as they're good and happy it doesn't matter whether it's here or in London."

"Not a bit," agreed their father. "And they'd have to forget *you*, Patsy, before they could be anything but good."

"We'll always be good then," said Eileen, clinging round her mother-sister's neck. "Norah and I could never have liked either of them if they hadn't been able to see what Patsy was."

"Of course we saw," said Harden; "it was seeing that that first made us feel what her religion must be."

But this did not please Patsy at all.

"Indeed," she told them earnestly, "it's not much of Catholics you'll be if you haven't better reasons than that for changing."

"It's a queer reason too for getting married," O'Lone remarked, "to fall in love with your sister-in-law."

"I don't mind," said Norah.

"Harry didn't *fall in love* with his sister-in-law," Eileen declared stoutly; "he'd never have taken such a liberty."

"Of course not," Lynch agreed.

"Nor you either," Harden suggested. "You've plenty of *cheek*; but not enough for that. He did not venture to look higher than you, Norah."

"There's looking down as well as looking up," Norah retorted, "and limits to that too. I looked no lower than *him*."

Eileen only laughed and whispered to Harry.

"Well, I'm glad she didn't go on looking till she came to Young Boady."

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

## TRANSLATING THE BIBLE INTO ENGLISH AT RHEIMS

THE Rheims version<sup>1</sup> of the Bible has been frequently discussed by English Catholic critics. We have an essay by Cardinal Newman, another by Cardinal Wiseman. We have a good bibliographical article in Mr. Gillow's *Dictionary*. There is an excellent summary by the late Bishop Ward in the *Catholic Encyclopædia*, and two articles, better perhaps in their way than any of the preceding, by the late Father Sydney Smith in this periodical.<sup>2</sup> Professor Phillimore has recently vindicated the translation as excellent English literature. The Catholic view on the points which are more often discussed is thus nowadays easily discoverable, and if the aspect under which I propose to study the subject has been less fully treated by them, it will only be because Catholic history has been so much impeded by the previous inaccessibility of our records. My purpose then is a more or less dry-as-dust history of the event and of its immediate consequences, with as little reference as possible to the linguistic, theological and canon law principles involved. But as these points are here absolutely vital, as they indicate the very heart of the whole undertaking, as they provide the only clues for measuring the success and failure of the whole operation, I must at least in brief indicate their nature.

Bible-printing is *sui generis* because of its unique material, the "Word of God." This it is which has to be set forth in a manner corresponding, as well as is humanly possible, with that supernatural wisdom. How, then, is it that we treat other questions of enormous importance? A doctor, for instance, is called to the sick-bed of a father and knows the vital importance of giving a certain medicine. Does he write out the prescription in his largest and clearest hand and give copies to several members of the family? Quite the contrary. He will write a few mysterious figures and signs, which he is well assured not one man in a hundred can

<sup>1</sup> The whole Bible was translated at Rheims, but only the New Testament was published there (in 1582); the Old was published at Douay in 1609—10.

<sup>2</sup> Newman in *Tracts, theological and ecclesiastical*, p. 357 (from *The Rambler*); Wiseman in *The Dublin* for 1837; Bishop Ward in *The Catholic Encyclopædia* II. 142; Father Sydney Smith in *THE MONTH*, June and July, 1897; see also Father Hugh Pope in *The Dublin* for July, 1910, April, 1913.

in the least comprehend. Little does he care for that so long as the dispensing chemist knows the meaning. He will tell you that the experience of ages fully sanctions the use of words and signs not understood of the people, for it is found that this cuts off numerous misunderstandings, allays nervousness and injurious curiosity, whereas blind trust in the doctor is distinctly helpful.

Anyone can see the analogy here to the disinclination of the Church to allow the issue of the Bible in the vulgar tongue without due precautions. She is most anxious for all men to have the benefit of its mysterious secrets, yet she considers that this is best ensured by dispensing its message through approved teachers.

But the reformers, through their doctrine of private judgment, believed that men (*e.g.*, themselves) were the proper interpreters of the Divine Word. From this it followed necessarily that they were also the proper translators of the revealed message, if only they knew the language in which it was couched, and that it would be a work pregnant with good results to publish it to the world. People would read their versions and numbers would then be filled with the wisdom of God. "If God spare my life," said Tyndale, the true founder in England of what is known as Bible-reading, "ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough, to know more of Scripture than you do."<sup>1</sup> This to a priest of pre-Reformation times. The idea was that the mere ploughboy, with an English Bible in his pocket, was superior to the greatest divine whose Bible was in Latin.

It is easy from this to see how extraordinarily dangerous an English Bible might be to a Bolshevik in religion, even if the text were perfectly orthodox. But how unlikely it was that a heretic translator would fail to give to obscure words a meaning favourable to his heresy! He would often do so inadvertently, but sometimes (when the temptation was strong) even consciously, and thereby the evil he effected would be greatly increased. King Henry VIII., partly because he found heretical ministers so useful to establish his schism, partly because his rule, now orthodox, now heretical, by its very alternations gave a strong stimulus to Tyndale's revolutionary principles, was responsible, as all agree, for their triumph during his reign.

During the reigns of Edward and of Elizabeth, Tyndale's theory sank more and more into the peoples' mind, until,

<sup>1</sup> Anderson, Ch. *Annals of the English Bible*, I. p. 36.



by the return of the seminarists, which began in 1574, they found that there was established in England a new sort of *Vehmgericht*. All books of controversy, all statements of the catholic side, however winning and reasonable in themselves, had to be tried in secret session before this heretical text-book, in which the decisive texts had been depraved in a hostile sense. Any meaning drawn from thence, which commended itself to clown or ploughman, must be the true Word of God, must have dogmatic force. Any contrary conclusion, even if it were as clear as that two and two make four, must be a snare of the devil, if at variance with the new tribunal for standardizing belief.

How was this impediment to be removed? The Catholic school of controversialists at Douai and Louvain, under the lead of Stapleton, had already reached a high degree of excellence, but what could books do against mania, against prejudices so violent. The problem was the more intractable in that Roman legislation seemed to recognize but one way of dealing with the situation, that of enforcing the stiff remedies of canon law. But even to dream of this remedy, when every priest was in constant fear of death and of bringing ruin on every friend who received him, seemed distinctly foolish. It could not be applied even to Catholics themselves. Even they were constrained by universal custom, due to the lack of an orthodox version, to appeal to the heretical volume, for thence alone could arguments be drawn which the enemy would listen to, and possibly accept.

At last it was seen that there was only one real remedy, which was to supply a new and non-heretical version of the Bible, the exactness of which should win confidence from their very enemies.

But such a task (not to speak of other serious difficulties to be mentioned hereafter) seemed far beyond the resources of the Catholic body of that day. For in those very years, 1576—1578, the Protestant aggression was reaching even to Douai, and forcing on the departure of the English College, in which were centred all Catholic hopes for the future, in which alone there was the least chance of that co-operation between Catholic scholars which was essential for so large and arduous a work as the translation of a Bible.

At this point it seems necessary to descend to greater detail about those Catholic scholars and their leaders. Of those leaders the chief was without question William Allen, the

future Cardinal. As he is now known and respected by an ever-widening circle, I need say nothing about his Oxford career under Mary, or his quasi-missionary work under Elizabeth, before he was a priest. Forced to fly overseas, he gradually became leader of the exiles, and then founder of the English College at Douay, which under his guidance soon became a considerable establishment. But its success awakened suspicion in the Calvinistic revolutionaries of Holland, and their ill-favour constrained him to withdraw, and as this did not suffice to allay the demonstrations of hostility, the whole College was obliged to retire to Rheims.

It was the leadership which Allen displayed in this crisis which enabled him eventually to solve the even more fundamental difficulty of the English Bible. There can be no question that it was to him even more than to Gregory Martin, the translator, that the credit for the great work is due. In ordinary literary undertakings one attributes to the wielder of the pen all, or almost all, the honour of the achievement: but this is because under ordinary circumstances the work of all except the writer is mostly mechanical, or even commercial. But Allen, even if he had not had his share in the subsidiary work of making notes, and which was here of great importance, was in effect the general who conceived the plan of campaign, who enrolled and marshalled the men who executed it, who found the commissariat and supplies and gathered funds for the heavy expenses of the press, besides animating and encouraging all to execute their laborious tasks.

The good fortune, which proverbially attends genius, arranged that just at the critical moment Allen should have the support of Gregory Martin, whose "extraordinary diligence" (praised by Anthony à Wood) and equally wonderful facility in penmanship, enabled him to accomplish, almost alone, and we might almost say "with one foot in the grave," the great literary achievement desired. Now that many books of reference give details of his early life, it will be sufficient to say that he had been one of the original foundation-scholars of St. John's, Oxford, before Elizabeth's reforms had been heard of; and that he was nearly twelve years a companion there of Edmund Campion before Elizabethan visitors broke up the little groups of Catholics who still haunted the University. Campion then retired to Ireland, and Martin to the protection of the Duke of Norfolk

as tutor to his son, the future martyr, Philip Howard. But times got worse, and Martin was eventually forced to flee, when he joined Allen at Douay, becoming his Professor of Scripture in 1575. But soon after this the College itself was forced to move to Rheims, and in its great poverty was constrained to reduce its staff to a minimum. Martin went on pilgrimage to Rome, where Allen hoped he might become head of a new college to be founded there. But its first steps were not felicitous, and though Martin kept his pen busy in an account of Rome, which is still extant in manuscript, he remained practically unemployed. We cannot therefore wonder at Allen recalling him in April, 1578, as the Rheims college was now beginning to make better progress, and by July he had made the journey north, and was once more in his old professor's chair. He was at the same time busy with a small spiritual book, entitled *A Treatise of Schism*, which was printed by John Fowler.

As soon as this book was in the printer's hands Martin at once started to translate the entire Bible. In the College *Diarium* we read as follows:

16 October 1578, Mr. Licentiate Martin has inaugurated the translation of the Bible into the English tongue. So at last may a remedy be found for the corruptions of the heretics. He translates two chapters a day, Doctors Allen and Bristow revise and make notes.

Anyone who reflects what a severe task translation of the Bible must be will appreciate what a surprising speed it was at which Martin was proposing to work. The edition of the Bible before me comprises 1,073 pages, double column, each column about 400 words, while two chapters commonly make about three columns. This would mean that Martin's task was 1,200 words a day, or 8,400 words per week, already an enormous tax on a professor without assistants who filled an important chair. The work, too, had to be done with especial care, for critics without number would be on the look out to find every possible fault and weak point.

In point of fact, the work was not only admirably accomplished, but also it seems completed exactly as planned. The 8,400 words per week ought to have amounted to 800,000 odd words in something under 100 weeks; and, in fact, the third *Rheims Annual Report*,<sup>1</sup> which was finished

<sup>1</sup> This is printed in the *Catholic Record Society*, xi. p. 553, etc. The exact date is given by the passage, p. 558, "Ecce dum scribimus." This, compared with the college *Diarium*, p. 171, gives the date 18 September, 1580.

about the 18th of September, 1580, states that by then the work of translation "has been finished, though we cannot yet begin the printing." From October 16, 1578, to September 18, 1580, is almost precisely 100 weeks.

Shortly before this Allen took measures to obtain Papal sanction for his plan of dealing with the English mania for the vernacular Bible in every hand. It must be remembered, as we have seen before, and shall now see still more plainly that Allen's device was different from the usual practice of the Church.

If we find a man who drugs himself, not only to excess, but who also selects those which are harmful, it is not sufficient merely to place before him drugs which are healthy, unless we also regulate both the quantity and the choice of those to be taken. Allen's remedy (but my parallel is of course incomplete) was as it were to provide drugs which were perfectly healthy, while taking little heed for other precautions, *e.g.*, the constitutional or special weaknesses of his patients. The impossibility of other remedies, perhaps, or the circumstances of the times may have formed a justification, but it was for the Pope to pronounce before a step was taken which might possibly prove of dangerous example to others.

So Allen drew up two Papers, in which he set the problem, first before Cardinal Sirleto, the chief of the Papal commissions which presided over discussions of this nature. The second was addressed directly to the Pope. The first treated the matter in all its circumstances, advantages, motives: the second was almost confined to the question of principle. We must consider both. It is not that they are very novel, very surprising. In point of fact, the long preface to the Rheims Testament treats all the main subjects at even greater length, with explanations helpful to the untrained lay mind, and with entire frankness. From this source Father Sydney Smith has also noticed them in the articles above mentioned. Still, it is also plain that these quasi-official representations are of even greater authority than the printed page, and to trained divines, at all events, they are more perspicuously clear. I give them, however, in English, and slightly abbreviated in unimportant parts:

DR. ALLEN, WITH DRS. STAPLETON AND BRISTOW, TO CARDINAL SIRLETO.

[Probably from Rheims about midsummer 1580. The original in the Vatican Library 6210. fol 246. In an English hand.]

Most illustrious Lord Cardinal.

I. If ancient discipline still held in England, if as in other

Catholic nations Church law and Church courts were still in force, if the English bible were not already in general circulation in some debased and corrupted form, I should never have asked for the bible in the vernacular, nor should I have thought that it ought to be allowed. But the exact observance of the church law is no longer possible, and religion must be spread by reason and persuasion, not by law. Quite corrupt translations are in almost every hand, and as Catholics must be in constant debate with heretics, it seems impossible to take these books from them, unless some Catholic and approved version is given in their places.

II. 1) The most prudent and religious Catholics in England having begged this of us, 2) we have selected certain scholars well versed in the sacred languages. 3) Keeping before them the vernacular bibles of many nations, 4) they have translated the entire sacred text with greatest integrity according to the true meaning of that vulgate edition approved by the Council of Trent, and in accordance with the Catholic faith, and speech. 5) That is they have not only removed all heretical errors, corruptions, and new-fangled words, but they have restored the ecclesiastical forms of speech, 6) and they also lay bare *ad cautelam* the frauds of our adversaries. For instance how the heretics deceitfully write for 'penance' *amendment*, for 'idol' *image*, for 'priest' *elder*, for 'Bishop' *Superintendent*, for 'church' *congregation*, for 'blessing' (when treating of the Eucharist) *giving thanks*. 7) Moreover, when occasion serves we comment thus in the margin—"This passage, as making for free will, is depraved by Luther—thus". Or "This, because it proves the merits of good works, is thus altered by Calvin,—&c." 8) We always warn the simple, "Here is the institution of the Sacrament of penance," "Hence arises the obligation of confessing sins." "Hence comes the authority of Peter and of the Popes over the Church," &c. 9) If however the passage is controverted and difficult, we cite as an explanation in the margin some clear sentence from St. Augustine or other Father. 10) We note also certain books or passages in this way. The Church reads these chapters in advent, this is read on Sunday, this at funerals, and so forth. 11) At the headings of books and of chapters we utter warnings, and cite from the Fathers to put the simple souls on their guard, where they are wont to trip.

III. If therefore your Eminence, thinks this method of editing agreeable to the rules of the Holy Council, and to the congregation of the Index: if you think it better for a Catholic people to use such a version with permission rather than to be abused itself by reading bibles that are not to be tolerated, may we beg you to obtain for us from his Holiness that he would grant to me, William Allen, and to my colleagues, Thomas Stapleton and Richard

Bristow, that we may give leave for this book to be printed, and that we may allow those, whom we know to be worthy, to read it. If owing to the strangeness of the tongue, the approbation of the Apostolic See cannot be granted without further proceedings, perhaps the printing and reading of it might be permitted until the Catholic religion is restored, when it might be either retained or abolished.

We also beg that we may deal with books of Controversy in the same manner.

#### DR. ALLEN TO THE POPE.

The Vatican Reference is Cod. Lat. 6416. fol 272. The fourth and sixth rules of the Index, here mentioned, have been amended, almost repealed, in the late legislation of Pius X.

Most Blessed Father.

In the fourth rule of Index of forbidden Books, issued by the Fathers of the Holy Council of Trent who were selected to deal with the editing of the Holy Bible in the vernacular, precaution is prudently taken, not to sanction its being distributed broadcast, but according to the judgment of the Bishop or inquisitor, with the advice of the parish priest or confessor, leave in writing for the bible translated by Catholic writers be permitted to those, whom, it is understood, are capable of drawing not harm but increase of faith and piety from the reading. In the sixth Rule the same ordination is made about reading Catholic controversies in the vulgar tongue between Catholics and the heretics of our day.

Now all translations of the Bible in the English language are corrupt, and published in bad faith, and cannot be permitted to anyone without great danger to souls. No one in England to-day has the faculty to pass judgment on such versions or bibles (even if they were faithfully and soundly translated), nor to permit anyone to read the English books of other Catholics on the religious controversies according to the aforesaid rules. Hence it comes that the English Catholics to their great loss are without the advantage and benefit of the said rules, and meantime many without any leave, and with no little danger, give out and read such books and bibles also which have been translated amiss and with danger to souls. These books however can to-day in no wise be taken from the hands of Englishmen unless some other translation both better and sounder be issued to them. Such a version has now been made with the utmost diligence and with collation of almost all other versions and texts, in the English College of your Holiness at Rheims by Master William Allen and other learned English: it is corrected, and is more or less ready for the press. Surely it can hardly be believed how much



help a sane and sincere translation of the bible may give at this time, how many English it may cure, who are now strangely deceived by the poison of false versions, and who think they are reading the pure word of God, when they are imbibing the false and delirious glosses and deceits of the heretics.

May your Holiness therefore deign to order, and commission Master William Allen, M. Thomas Stapleton, M. Richard Bristow, English priests and professors of theology in the university of Douay, diocese of Arras, that each of them as soon as possible do diligently examine the English translation, and other English books of controversy, and empower them to permit such books to be printed. Also that the signature of any one of them be a sufficient security for any printer to proceed with the work, and finally that they may also grant in writing to the English and Irish readers in any part of the world, the necessary faculty to study them.

Though the answer to these two petitions is not known to us, the publication which followed proves by itself that the favour asked was granted. Moreover, at a later period, when Allen's previous faculties were being tabulated and renewed, we find that several grants, asked for in these petitions, were again repeated, especially that of writing against heresy and licensing publications for this purpose, and giving others leave to read the books about heresy written by Catholics. If the leave to translate the Bible was not renewed, it will be because no further publication of that nature was contemplated in Allen's life-time.

Returning now to the *Rheims Annual Report*, cited above, we quote in full the quotation there begun:

There is also complete, but not to be published yet, an entirely Catholic translation of the Bible into the vernacular, which is enriched with select annotations and commentaries from the chief Fathers against the heresies of our time. These are for the instruction of Catholics, on account of the heretics who cry out importunately for "the bible and nothing but the bible." Our people most earnestly beg and expect this book from us. So we think in very truth and feel daily about every chapter, that no book can do so much for the confirmation of our Catholics, and the conversion or confusion of our adversaries.

This was written in September, 1580; in the previous June, Fathers Persons and Campion, both old friends of Martin, had passed by Rheims, and would no doubt have been greatly moved by the idea of the Bible remaining unprinted, and it was perhaps due to Father Persons that the next onward step was taken. In his letters of next spring he

asked for 3,000 or 4,000 copies of the New Testament.<sup>1</sup> This is the first we hear of printing part of the Bible, if the whole could not be handled at once, and the offer to take so large a number at once must have encouraged the seminary authorities. In the August following, 1581, he was constrained himself to leave England, and amongst the reasons given in his memoirs for this action he says:

Persons wanted to confer with Allen about many things touching the mission. Amongst others one was to hasten the edition of the New Testament translated into English by him, that is by Dr. Allen and other Doctors of the Seminary at Rheims to which were added excellent notes against heretics. For this work and for the expenses of printing, Father Persons had procured a thousand gold crowns from certain Catholic gentlemen in England.<sup>2</sup>

It was, I think, because of 1,000 crowns that printing operations were commenced. Jean Fogny of Rheims was the printer, and right well did he discharge a task of no little difficulty. The English is so correctly printed that one feels it must have been set up by English compositors. There are very numerous notes, cross-references, caution-marks. Three sizes of type are used on almost every page (*pica*, *bourgeois*, *mignon*), and occasionally words in Greek or Hebrew, not to mention references to the Fathers almost without number. The page, however, though it would have been better with fewer interruptions, is perfectly orderly, handsome and scholarly. The paper, as usual at that time, is admirable, far better than that of the Protestant copies; the binding is strong. There is no outside title, but this fashion, derived from mediæval times, was still common, at least with smaller books.

As the printing progressed Allen made the common but disconcerting discovery, that the expenses had overrun his estimates. On the 15th of January, 1582, he wrote to George Gilbert, who was then in Rome, a brave but painful letter on his poverty:<sup>3</sup>

The printing of the Testaments, which I thought would not have cost more than 1,000 crowns, will come to 500 crowns more: and meantime all those 1,000 crowns, from which we ought to have printed the aforesaid book, we have already spent *bona fide* in food and victuals.

<sup>1</sup> *Card. Allen's Letters*, p. 96.

<sup>2</sup> *Persons' Memoirs*, C.R.S., iv. p. 29.

<sup>3</sup> *Card. Allen's Letters*, p. 109.

Still, somehow the money came in, though times had never been so trying, owing to the recusant fines in England, which ground to the very earth those who would not attend the new services. Allen was eventually able, not only to print the New Testament, but also to go straight on with printing Martin's supplementary volume, *A Discoverie of the manifold corruptions by the heretikes of the H. Scriptures*, Fogny, Rheims, 1582. Allen speaks in the letter of January 15, 1582, as if it were already in the printer's hands, as the necessary sequel to Martin's *New Testament*. This small octavo volume is indeed a powerful one for controversial purposes, for Martin here cites innumerable instances in which heretical prepossessions have gravely influenced and misled the translators. It is printed by Fogny, with exactly the same type as the Testament.

On the 7th of February, 1582, another letter from Allen inquires how he may best send two or three copies of the New Translation to Rome, and we may take this as the nearest indication we are likely to find for the date of the actual publication.

The approbation of the volume shows a slight change in the method suggested in Allen's petitions, where he asked that he, Stapleton, and Bristow might issue the imprimatur. In fact, it is issued by four of the chief members of the Church of Rheims, that is, the Archdeacon, the Deacon and a Canon of the Chapter, and the Headmaster of the Cathedral school, who attest that the work is by excellent English theologians and linguists, men of well-known fidelity and erudition, and they vouch for its good faith, piety, and inoffensiveness to the State.

No sooner had the volume gone abroad than the course of Martin's precarious health reached its tragic climax. He was sent to Paris to consult the best doctors. They pronounced him far gone in consumption. He returned to Rheims, but only to die there, October 28, 1582. We must not say that Allen overworked him. In those days no one knew how to alleviate, much more how to cure his terrible disease. It may with more truth be said that it was for him a happy and felicitous fate that, though doomed to die, he spent his last days in whole-hearted work for so noble a cause. The loss, however, was not only poignant, but as we shall see, a misfortune for the whole Catholic cause, and, moreover, it was soon after followed by the exactly similar death of Bristow, the only other writer of capacity then at the

Seminary. Allen felt the double bereavement with acute grief, but, as his letters show, his magnanimity shone out here again with ever brighter lustre the more he is assailed by misfortune.

When the Testament first appeared, it was received at first without special show of hostility. Allen's hopes rose, but next year, 1583, the general situation grew worse. Allen wrote on March 16th:

Against the *Testaments*, which we here translated and edited, they now rage with intolerable fury, and they throw into prison all those, in whose houses these books are found, and not catholics only, but also protestants or at least schismatics, though at first they seemed to tolerate these books. By that work we have much advanced the Catholic cause, partly through the notes which we added, partly through the little book of Martin of pious memory, issued with it, which contained the sordid corruptions of the heretical versions. They seem shameful to our very adversaries.

The truth of Allen's words was attested and illustrated a few days later when Walsingham examined the future martyr, John Mundy, at the beginning of February. Mundy had been arrested by chance on Hounslow Heath, and Walsingham, his mind preoccupied with controversial fury, attacked the priest with acrimony in order to fasten on him some of the new-fangled treasons. Mundy, with all respect, evaded these hasty charges.

Then Walsingham with a great outburst of words—such was the wont of this furibund pro-consul, of his own accord and without occasion given—launched out against the Seminarists, and their book of the New Testament edited according to prescript of the Council of Trent in a verbatim English Translation, vehemently denouncing them as ignorant of history and of tongues.

We need not cite more from this wordy dialogue of the wolf with the lamb. We have quoted enough to show how soon this sacred text received the highest honour which this persecutor of the faith could be expected to pay it.

Some explanation of Walsingham's chagrin is educed from a story told in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. He had received, we read, a letter from no less a person than Beza, Calvin's successor at Geneva, urging him to see that so dangerous a work as Martin's was well answered, and urging that Thomas Cartwright should be set to that task. Now Cartwright was the idol of the Puritan party, but he was

far from popular with Queen Elizabeth, who had more than once taken strong measures against him, and he had not yielded much to her dictation. Elizabeth, however, was now more tolerant in his regard, allowing him to remain in England. So he soon set to work on an elaborate refutation of the Rhemish Jesuits, as he prefers to call them, though not one Jesuit was among the writers. His plan was to reprint the whole of the Catholic version, with its introductions, annotations and comment, interspersing after every few lines his own heated comment. But Archbishop Whitgift would not allow it to appear, and Cartwright broke off before the work was quite finished, and it did not come out till 1618, fifteen years after his death.

But in the meantime, William Fulke, one of Cartwright's Cambridge confrères, had faced the same task and brought it to conclusion. Dr. Fulke, also a puritan, but somewhat more academic, and more deferential to Elizabeth than Cartwright, had the special task of answering the works of Catholics, and he had at once prepared a counter-blast to Martin's *Discoverie*, attacking at the same time some of the *annotations*. But not satisfied with this, he arranged for a more encyclopædic repertory of the Cartwright character. Into this he piled, not only the Rheims Testament entire, with all its subsidiary matter, but he also added the Elizabethan version (from the so-called Bishop's version) of the New Testament, in parallel columns with that of Rheims; then he wedged in at full length his answers to the Catholic commentators. The book thus reached folio size, and though he died while it was still in the press, it appeared later in the same year, 1589.

Strange though it may seem to us, this crabbed mass, being highly flavoured with anti-Roman virulence, was rather popular in those puritan times, and James I. granted to certain printers the monopoly of printing it for the profit of Fulke's daughter "and her many children." They reissued it in 1601, 1617 and 1633. Besides Fulke and Cartwright, there were other less important assailants, William Whitaker, George Wither and Edward Bulkeley, all opponents of some repute in their own country. Against them the English Catholics could now only bring forward one opponent of weight, Dr. William Reynolds, whose answer, however, was quite effective. The terrible straits to which the violent persecution was reducing them precluded more elaborate replies.

The intention in Fulke's and Cartwright's very elaborate attacks was no doubt to bring discredit on the Rheims Version, and perhaps it did so with the ignorant and fanatical. But with those better able to judge, the result was at all events in part just the contrary. It was during these very years that the demand for a new translation of the Bible grew up, which was at last gratified by *The Authorised Version* in 1611. Still more significant is it that, while its editors omitted the Rheims Version in their list of translations to be consulted, "their work," says the *Revised Version*, "shows evident traces of the influence of the Rhemish made from the Latin Vulgate."<sup>1</sup>

Though the history of the Rheims Version runs on until Bishop Challoner, in his several revisions between 1749—1752, as nearly as possible effaced almost all the distinctive features of the edition, space compels me to bring this study to an earlier term, and I end with a few more general reflections on the book and its fate.

As a version it is certainly one of the highest class for extraordinary fidelity and high literary merit. As to the latter Catholics, one must frankly confess, have been too ready to admit the depreciatory remarks of unqualified and hostile judges. Its great merit, however, is unflinching fidelity to the original. Where all the world was going astray seeking for sonorous, incisive English, its authors set their faces like flint to reproduce the most approved form of the original in its obscurities no less than in its plain prose. Courage was required for that, but they never fail us, and give us herein their greatest lesson one needed in this time not less than in the past. It was a misfortune that Allen was not able, through the deaths of Martin and Bristow, and still more through the terrific persecution, to find more scholars to uphold the Catholic side in those times of change, when fresh defenders, adapting themselves to new developments, were so necessary. But this should not cause wonder, when the Catholics, reduced by persecution to a small minority, were striving for what is more than dear life, that is, for the divine heritage of revelation. They were holding on even unto death against a most powerful government, which was elevating the Protestant principle of private judgment as the supreme arbiter, even over the Divine Word.

J. H. POLLEN.

<sup>1</sup> Preface to the *Revised Version*, 1881, p. vii.; Carleton, *The Part of Reims in making the English Bible*, Oxford, 1902, p. 25 proves this elaborately.



# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### WHO WAS THOMAS MYAGH OF THE TOWER?

IN an interesting chapter, entitled "In the Wine-Press," of Canon St. George Kieran Hyland's *A Century of Persecution* (1920), there is an account given of the Tower of London, and of the inscriptions which were carved on the walls by martyrs and confessors and other prisoners. In reference to the Beauchamp Tower, wherein were confined Blessed Thomas More, the Venerable Philip Arundel, William Shelley, Sir Thomas Gerard, and Blessed John Storey, there was also another inmate, of whom Canon Hyland writes:

"Another inscription in this prison reads as follows: 'Thomas Miagh which lieth here alone that fain would from hence be gone by torture strange my truth was tried yet of my liberty denied, 1581. Thomas Myagh.'"

No clue whatever is furnished as to the identity of this unhappy prisoner of the Beauchamp Tower, although it is strange that Canon Hyland did not point out the fact that the inscription was meant to be rhymed thus:

Thomas Miagh which lieth here alone,  
That fain would from hence be gone;  
By torture strange my truth was tried;  
Yet of my liberty denied.

Over a year ago a distinguished historian wrote to me suggesting that Thomas Miagh was "an Irishman whose name was intended for Meade," and hinting that he may have been connected with the Justice Meade of Cork, or of William Meade, "first Protestant Bishop of Kildare, who accepted a Canonry and Prebend in Beverley, and died in November, 1546." This suggestion seemed likely, inasmuch as the *Calendar of State Papers* (Ireland) gives the name Miagh and Myagh as equivalent to Meade, but from a recent examination of these State Papers it is absolutely certain that the "Thomas Miagh" of the Tower was Thomas *miadh* O'More (brother of James O'More, Chief of Leix), who was generally known as Thomas *Miagh*, that is, Thomas the Unfortunate (*mi-adh*, pronounced mee—aw=unfortun-

ate). And it is also certain that the luckless Thomas O'More had as fellow-prisoners in the Tower the Earl of Kildare and the Baron of Delvin, with some others, all implicated in the "rebellion" of Viscount Baltinglass, and accused of conniving at the escape of Father Rochfort, S.J.

According to the *Fiants* of Elizabeth, Viscount Baltinglass, Gerald Fitzgerald, Robert Fitzgerald, and Robert Rochfort, chaplain, "had conspired to levy war, on July 1, 1580." The Earl of Kildare and the Baron of Delvin were arrested for aiding and abetting Baltinglass and Rochfort, while the Countess of Kildare's steward, Thomas *Miagh* was also imprisoned as an accessory and as possessing information of "treasonable doings."

Lord Deputy Grey wrote to Walsingham on March 2, 1581, recounting the "plot of Baltinglass" (quite an anticipation of the "German" plot), and suggesting that Thomas *Meaghe* ought to be apprehended, and sent over to London with Kildare. A few days later, Sir Geoffrey Fenton also wrote to Walsingham urging that Meagh be examined by Chancellor Gerard, "when he shall come to London."

Thomas Miagh was accordingly sent over to London and was placed in the Tower on March 6th, being, soon after, subjected to a most rigid examination by Oliver Hopton (Lieutenant of the Tower) and Dr. John Hammond, on March 8th. Two days later these two inquisitors wrote a letter to Walsingham, and, as appears from the précis in the Calendar (March 10th), informed him that they "had forborn to put Thomas Myaghe in *Skevington's irons* [the Scavenger's Daughter] because of the charge to examine him secretly," adding that they found him "very resolute" (*Cal. S.P. Ireland*, p. 291). On March 17th they again wrote to Walsingham stating that they had a further examination of Thomas Myaghe, on the 16th and 17th inst., and they "think he can hardly be innocent." Other letters from March 18th to May 12th serve to endeavour to incriminate both the Earl of Kildare and "Meagh, servant to the Countess of Kildare"—the latter of whom had to explain his dealings with the Eustaces.

Meantime, the Countess of Kildare went over to London, and through the influence of the Countess of Lincoln ("the fair Geraldine," who was daughter of Gerald, 9th Earl of Kildare, and widow of Sir Antony Browne), was subsequently restored to the favour of Queen Elizabeth. Poor

O'More, however, was detained in the Tower, even though his brother, James, Chief of Leix, had submitted to Lord Grey, as we learn from the following extract from a letter of Sir Geoffrey Fenton to Lord Burghley, dated September 21st: "James Myagh, brother to Thomas Meagh, now prisoner in the Tower, has gone to submit himself to the Lord Deputy at the Camp" (*Cal. S.P. Ireland*, p. 320).

On October 10, 1581, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland and Sir Henry Wallop wrote to Walsingham that Captain MacRuorth "had taken pledges of James Meagh, and his followers of 59, mostly women and children." Less than a month later, on November 5th, Sir Geoffrey Fenton suggested to Walsingham that Thomas Meagh "should have the liberty of the Tower." This suggestion was followed up, on the following day, in a long letter from the Lord Deputy to the English Privy Council, who announced that James Meagh, whose real name was "James MacKedagh O'More," had been formally pardoned. This letter is convincing as to the identity of James and Thomas *Miagh*, who were sons of Kedagh MacRory O'More—the former succeeding to the chieftancy of Leix, in 1578, on the death of the famous Rory og O'More.

The next document in connection with the case of Thomas Miagh is on May 17, 1582, when a letter of his, addressed to his brother James, was intercepted in Dublin, and returned by the Lord Deputy to Walsingham, on June 29th. In this letter, Thomas, who had been detained in the Tower, from March, 1581, wrote to his brother for funds, and warned him against Robert Harpoll and Captain MacRuorth. The former was Constable of Carlow Castle, and the latter was killed on May 26, 1582.

On January 13, 1583, the Lords Justices of Ireland wrote to Walsingham that, in order to conciliate James Miagh, they had decided to give him a pension, on condition of giving up the Fort of Leix. In the winter of the same year, Thomas Miagh wrote to Lord Burghley, offering his services to aid James O'More in bringing the greater part of the sept into Kerry, and thus ridding the English Pale of any further anxiety as to attacks by the O'Mores. This letter was forwarded to the Queen by Sir Ralph Lane, who was the promoter of the scheme to get rid of the O'Mores, and to abolish their chieftaincy of Leix; and Lane also wrote a further letter, on February 20, 1584, to the appointed Colonel in

command of the new settlement in Kerry, whither the O'Mores were about to remove (*Cal. S.P. Ireland*, p. 499).

James MacKedagh O'More, Chief of Leix, did not live to settle in Kerry, as his death was announced by Wallop to Walsingham in a letter dated July 1, 1584. His will is still preserved, under date of June 5th, and he appoints his brother, Thomas *Miath*, as one of his executors, also leaving him his horse. Evidently his death must have occurred about the 19th of June, the same date on which the venerable Archbishop O'Hurley of Cashel was martyred. After the death of James O'More, the sept got divided; and Thomas *meadh* did not assume the chieftaincy. Sir Ralph Lane, who had been given the government of Kerry and Clanmaurice, was allowed, on February 8, 1585, to employ a Deputy, "in consideration of his undertaking the voyage to Virginia for Sir Walter Raleigh."

I have not been able to trace any notice of Thomas Miagh after the year 1584, but it may reasonably be presumed that he did not long survive that very troubled period.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

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#### THE STIGMATA OF SISTER EMMERICH.

FATHER SCHMÖGER and the other biographers of Anne Catherine Emmerich, in presenting the evidence for the reality of her stigmata, seem to have overlooked a curiously interesting testimony emanating from the French authorities who from 1810 to 1813 were appointed by Napoleon to administer what was then called the Grand Duchy of Berg, in the territory of which Sister Emmerich was residing. The head of this ministry was Count P. L. Rœderer, a notorious freethinker, who remained at Paris in touch with Napoleon, while the government of the Grand Duchy was carried on by the Imperial Commissary and Finance Minister, Count Beugnot, aided by other ministers, all matters of importance being reported through him to Rœderer. The information here presented is contained in the *Mémoires* of Count Beugnot himself, which were collected and published by his grandson in 1866. As the *Mémoires* were only written down a good many years after the events they describe, they undoubtedly contain many inaccuracies of detail. Still the Count's recollection of the

facts of central interest may probably be trusted without reserve. The *Mémoires* were translated into English by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge in 1871, and from this translation, with a few slight modifications, the following extracts are taken:

Count Nesselrode, the Minister of the Interior [writes Beugnot] one day communicated a letter to me which he had just received from the Prefect of Münster with an account of a miracle. There was a girl of 23 years old, living at Dülmen,<sup>1</sup> who had been brought up in a Carmelite convent, and who had returned to her family after going through a noviciate, because her lamentable state of health had prevented her from taking the vows. The girl had been brought up in extravagant mysticism. She hardly took any food or sleep, and passed all the leisure time allowed her by the rule, at the foot of the cross, where she had no doubt a thousand times prayed for the favour never yet granted to anyone but St. Francis of Assisi.<sup>2</sup> Apparently she had been found worthy of acceptance. When she returned home she could not stand, and lay stretched on a bed, where she presented the most extraordinary spectacle. Round her forehead was a circle exactly representing a crown of thorns; on her hands and feet the mark of the nails, and on her left side that of the print of the spear. Blood flowed from all these stigmata, and especially from that on the forehead. The poor girl was in a state of suffering, for the feeble sounds which she could produce resembled groans. Small quantities of broth, given at intervals, formed her sole nourishment. She gave no sign of life but by her endeavours to make the sign of the cross; but she could not succeed, as her arm fell back as soon as lifted. She kept her eyes almost constantly shut, and when she opened them it was plain that she was blind.

Those who are familiar with the Life of Anne Catherine will at once perceive that Beugnot's account contains a good many minor inaccuracies. In the spring of 1813, when the stigmata first attracted attention, she was 38 years old, not 23; she had not been a Carmelite nun but an Augustinian; she was not living with her family, though one of her sisters had come to Dülmen to look after her; and finally, though she suffered at times from her eyes, she was not blind. Such errors, however, are natural enough in an account which was probably not written down until twenty years or more after the event narrated. But Count Beugnot goes on:

<sup>1</sup> The word is printed "Dalmen" both in the French and English editions of the *Mémoires*. I have throughout corrected it to Dülmen.

<sup>2</sup> There have, of course, been many other stigmatized persons besides St. Francis.

The Prefect of Münster had been informed of these facts by the priest of Dülmen, and in order to divest himself of any responsibility for seeming over-credulous, he had taken care to forward the priest's original letter. I was not much more inclined to believe than the Prefect. I replied to the Minister<sup>1</sup> that it was always suspicious when a village priest was the witness of a miracle, and that there must be some imposture at the bottom of it, or else that it was all a piece of pious Westphalian credulity. Count Nesselrode answered: "I should think as you do if I did not know the priest of Dülmen. He is an old chum of mine; we were at the University together; he is a sensible man, well educated, and one of those Catholics who believe that there were miracles at the time when they were necessary, but do not believe that they continue since they are no longer needed. Read his letter again and you will see that it is that of a man who is not so easily imposed upon." I did read it again, and was shaken. We agreed that the matter should be investigated. The Minister ordered a report on the physical condition of the girl to be made by two physicians, one of whom should be selected from the reformed religion, and required a circumstantial relation of the facts, prepared, if possible, jointly, by the priest of Dülmen and the nearest Protestant pastor. Precautions were taken to prevent a great resort to the cottage, and to restrain the saint from performing miracles in her turn.

This is at least a valuable testimony to the intelligence and impartiality of the parish priest of Dülmen, Dean Ren-sing, one of whose letters was quoted at some length in the article on Sister Emmerich's stigmata printed in *THE MONTH* for September, 1921, pp. 241—242. But to resume our quotation:

This was how matters stood when I wrote to M. Røederer about the prodigy. I related it with peculiar satisfaction, and, weighing the reasons for doubt or belief, I inclined a little to the latter. I thought that in this way I should get a rise out of my tough old unbeliever. He replied to me from the pinnacle of his philosophy with a laconic disdain, and told me that if any persons, except Catholics, had been called as witnesses of this miracle, as common sense would have directed, the story would never have reached me. I expected that answer.

Meanwhile the physicians' report had arrived, as well as the account of the ecclesiastics. The first confirmed the physiological details that I have just related. The second gave some particulars respecting the young person's family and her habits from

<sup>1</sup> This was Count Nesselrode, who in 1813 had been appointed Minister of the Interior in the Grand Duchy of Berg.



childhood. There was nothing about herself or her surroundings which could give rise to the least suspicion of imposture. The doctors closed their report with this observation, that it was impossible that it could be anything but an accidental effect of the forces of nature, but one so rare that not a step had been made towards the discovery of the cause. The ecclesiastics showed no less prudence. They could not deny to Him who had given laws to nature the right of varying them in the interests of the human species, but they expatiated on the rarity of these deviations, and required, for the establishment of a miracle, evidence of a higher degree than that of the example before their eyes. They concluded by a proposal that the girl should be carried to a hospital at Münster, to put a stop to the disturbance which her presence occasioned in the village where she was. I thought this advice very prudent, even philosophic. The Minister of the Interior [Nesselrode] and I both felt our curiosity increased by reading these papers, and we took the determination of proceeding to Dülmen. M. de Nesselrode appointed the coadjutor Bishop of Münster, M. Droste,<sup>1</sup> to meet us there, a man of rare piety and good sense, eminently calculated to ensure the success of precautionary measures. We all three came to Dülmen. For my part, I saw a young girl at the point of death, lying in a bed, and really, marked with the stigmata we had been told of. Blood flowed in a small quantity, but almost continually, from the kind of wounds (*des espèces de plaies*) she had on her hands and feet, and the circle around her forehead. This circle (*bandeau*), by its texture and the little pricks that marked the outlines, nearly resembled a crown of thorns. Modesty prevented our pushing our researches further, but those present unanimously declared the presence of a wound on the left side, and this was likewise confirmed by the medical report. The poor girl could neither speak nor move. She only just slightly unclosed her eyes at long intervals. It was plain that her slight bodily powers were exhausted by the miracle of which she had been the subject. The civil magistrates at whose head I was, shared the doubts of the physicians, that is to say their ignorance. Bishop von Droste and two other ecclesiastics held themselves aloof and reserved an opinion which they did not make known. The bishop was one of those who easily explain any natural event the cause of which is unknown to them by the special intervention of the Deity. But, like a prudent man, he avoided any explanations, calmed people's minds, and had the girl carried to a hospital at Münster, where she died of inanition three months after.

This last statement is of course quite erroneous. It was

<sup>1</sup> This name also is mis-spelt Droot in both the French original and English translation. It must be remembered that the *Mémoires* were corrected for the press, not by their author but by his grandson. Mgr. von Droste Vischering afterwards became Archbishop of Cologne.

only in 1818 that Sister Emmerich was taken to Münster to be subjected to a protracted medical inspection, and she did not die until 1824. But it must be remembered that French rule in the Grand Duchy of Berg came to an end in 1813, and Count Beugnot could have had no official or personal connection with the Emmerich case after that year. But we must follow his story to the end:

I had replied to M. Rœderer, taking credit to myself for having agreed with him on the necessity of calling in others than Catholics to observe the phenomenon that I had told him of. I informed him of the measures taken for this purpose by the Minister of the Interior, and I told him that we must wait to see their success before giving any judgment on this strange business. He replied with praise of the prudent measures that I had adopted, and added that he particularly dreaded the irritated comments of the Protestants on the Dülmen miracle. I made the journey to Dülmen. I let some time elapse, and then I forwarded the physicians' report to M. Rœderer, with its sample of Protestant "irritation," to wit the memorandum of the ecclesiastics signed by an austere Protestant minister. I also told him definitely that I had seen for myself and that the only thing left in my case was a St. Thomas convinced by evidence. I proposed that he should forward these papers to the Institute, as they might wish to investigate such an unusual phenomenon and endeavour to ascertain whether it did not proceed from the powerful influence of mind over matter, and was not in some way connected with galvanism, magnetism, or some of those agencies which have lately displayed themselves in the domain of science, and produce a variety of marvels which have not yet been accounted for. I quoted facts to him which had been mentioned in the reports of the Academy and were somewhat analogous with the one in question. The journey to Dülmen had got into my head. I gave myself up to researches on phenomena that bore any relation to what I was interested in. I did not even neglect what is told of St. Francis and his stigmata. In the collections of legends I found nothing but absurdities; but I contended in vain against magisterial incredulity personified in M. Rœderer. I met in him the old editor of the *Journal de Paris* quite unchanged. He would not publish anything or forward anything, and he considered the whole affair as utter folly, a view that was of course infinitely flattering to his colleagues, the Ministers of the Grand Duchy.<sup>1</sup>

It will be remembered that Professor Virchow, when confronted with the facts of the stigmatization of Louise Lateau,

<sup>1</sup> Beugnot, *Mémoires* (Paris, 1866), Vol. I., pp. 366—371.

declared that it was either fraud or else miracle, and that miracles were impossible. Such die-hards of scepticism are to be found at all periods of history. But the world's ultimate verdict will rest with those who, like Counts Beugnot and Nesselrode, accept first the evidence of their own senses and the testimony of competent observers, leaving the ultimate explanation to the judgment of a posterity better equipped to deal with such problems.

H. T.

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[NOTE. A Critical Note on Dr. H. J. Wilkins's "False Psychological Claims in 'The Gate of Remembrance'" was published in our March issue with the title "The Glastonbury Bubble Pricked." This title was chosen and the number published before it was known that a writ for libel was to be issued against Dr. Wilkins or that his book was to be withdrawn from circulation.—ED.]

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## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

### Economics VERSUS Politics.

Though the dispute over reparations continues, the prospects of European peace have brightened during the past month. On July 20th The Hague Conference closed its four-weeks' sessions, during which the European situation was discussed from the purely economic standpoint, and the Russian Commission at last induced to see that their Government cannot hope for credits without first establishing a sound basis for them by the full and unqualified recognition of obligations incurred by their predecessors. The next move is with the Russians, who are consulting the Soviet Government, but have as yet given no real grounds for confidence. Apart, however, from its practical results, those achieved, such as the agreement amongst the Allies, and those still uncertain, the Conference has done this service to European peace, that it has caused a general conviction that economics is now the dominant issue to which at last political considerations must yield place. In other words, the question of reparations must be settled in such a way as will leave Germany financially solvent: she cannot be punished by being reduced to impotence and rendered bankrupt: she must share proportionately in the general recuperation. Even the anti-Government press has begun to weaken in its support of the ex-

treme French demand. By means of its leaders and correspondents *The Times* is gradually making plain its view that the Versailles Treaty should be reconsidered. "France Facing the Facts" is a headline, the appearance of which in *The Times* speaks volumes. The facts have always been there, familiar to the merest tyro in economics,—you cannot ruin your debtor and at the same time expect him to pay you: only a prosperous nation can pay enormous damages: a nation which is prosperous is also strong: and so on. The Versailles Treaty was bent on ignoring these facts, and hence our four years of peace, economically considered, have been hardly distinguishable from our four years of war. In fact, Mr. Otto Kahn, a strong partisan of the Allies, did not hesitate to say, on July 16th, in regard to the Peace Treaties:

I consider [them] more devastating in their effects than the war itself. For three years now these treaties, which for wrong-headedness, ill-advisedness, and ignorance or neglect of economic and historical realities stand without parallel, have done their deadly work and prevented the world from settling down. What leads me to take a somewhat more hopeful view is not that the ill-effects springing from those wretched treaties are diminishing, but on the contrary that they have become so patent and sinister of late that the recognition of the necessity of remedial measures has become well-nigh universal.

The banker then expressed his opinion that France should not be asked to forgo her full demand for reparations unless her own creditors remitted or reduced their claims upon her.

**Enlightened  
Selfishness.**

This plan, which was suggested in June by Mr. Hartley Withers and which has since been warmly advocated by *The Times*, frankly abandons the policy of punishing Germany, except by the infliction of a definite fine. The amount once established, every assistance should be given to the debtor to recover his solvency and increase in prosperity. Since debt cannot be paid out of capital without at once hampering industry, the fine must be levied on Germany's trade profits, and here again economic law enjoins a fixed limit, whilst expediency suggests exacting even less than that. The Allies have more to gain from a Europe restored to normal prosperity than they would lose by a policy of generosity towards the conquered. The notion that Great Britain and America should accept payment from France in the form of German reparation bonds to be thereupon destroyed has the advantage of technically exacting full reparation whilst really acting generously. "Enlightened selfishness," *The Times* calls it, "interested generosity," and perhaps nothing

higher could be expected from nations whose Christianity has never in recent times been allowed to interfere with their commerce. The mere rumour that this country had in fact remitted France's debts provoked an outburst of praise from papers in New York, which suggests that even in that community a similar exhibition of glorified common sense would meet with popular approval.

**Why Germany  
should enter the  
League.**

Meanwhile British politicians have been recommending with increasing boldness the admission of Germany into the League of Nations. "Our task," said the Lord Chancellor, on July 20th, "is no longer that of moralists: it is that, purely and simply, of economists and business men. We may leave to the censure of the world those nations upon which will always be placed the guilt of the crime which has very nearly destroyed civilization." So far the Lord Chancellor who, though he persists in the futility of indicting a nation, sees at last that under modern conditions you cannot punish one without injuring yourself. The men who led Germany astray have all been hurled from power, and if the Allies are wise and support all that is peace-loving and democratic in the new republic, the militarists and imperialists will never regain their influence. Hitherto Allied policy has only played into their hands by enabling them to pose as patriots resisting implacable enemies bent on the destruction of the Fatherland. But the growing desire of Great Britain for the inclusion of Germany in the League of Nations is of better augury for peace. The 22nd International Peace Congress, which opened its sessions at the Mansion House on July 25th, was made the occasion by a Cabinet Minister, Mr. Fisher, of proclaiming this attitude to the world.

It was not in the interests of civilization [he said] that the world should be divided into two camps, the victors and the vanquished. It is the desire of the British Government that Germany should apply for admission to the League of Nations this year, so that the last lingering reproach which in some minds attaches itself to that great and promising organization—a reproach that it is the engine for propagating the interests and policies of victorious nations—should be finally and effectually removed.

The merit of the discussions at Genoa and The Hague lay precisely in the fact that some approach was made in them of uniting the two camps. Peace will never be attained in Europe whilst the Supreme War Council occupies the place belonging to the League of Nations. If that institution or something equivalent to it does not flourish and function in the prevention of war and

of the preparations for war, then the anniversary we celebrate on August 4th will merely recall a colossal sacrifice offered in vain. In every civilized country the great mass of the people hates war and desires its abolition. The professional soldiers must necessarily discuss their business so long as it exists, but the press does ill in publishing and megaphoning their discussions. The common people, at any rate, who are slain in war and pauperized in peace, should have their say as well.

**The  
Peoples against  
War.**

They are represented, no doubt, by the League of Nations Union here, and kindred organizations in other lands, but all these bodies need more active support. On Saturday, July 29th, however, the anti-war demonstrations, which have always very properly marked the anniversary of Armageddon, seem to have been exceptionally wide-spread. In every country of importance—England, France, the United States, Germany, Holland, Spain, Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia — demonstrations were to be held to express the longing of sick humanity for the abolition of international strife. Throughout this land more than one hundred gatherings were convened on that day, and there was held a great meeting in Hyde Park, supported by the League of Nations Union, the Labour Movement, the Women's Organizations and various Church bodies. This will do much to dispel the common intellectual apathy in regard to war and to break up the age-long tradition that looks upon it as something outside the control of human volition. War has its roots in human ambition and cupidity, strong impulses which can be regulated in the community as well as in the individual, and the Church, with her clear practical teaching on justice, her stern condemnation of fraud and violence and robbery and murder, her lofty ideals of charity and human brotherhood, provides the best means of supplanting that old pessimistic belief by something more worthy of the Christian profession. The Catholic Church is the greatest of all Peace Societies, for she upholds principles which would make all war impossible except that waged in pure self-defence, and would base that defence upon the common interests of the organized world-states. For it is the interest of the world at large that war should cease. The world is not bettered by war: civilization deteriorates: human nature grows more beast-like. As Mr. Fisher said to the International Peace Congress:

The Continent of Europe now realizes that a modern war upon a great scale brings famine, pestilence, revolution, grinding taxation and unemployment, and I think we must add that it produces a perceptible decline in the standard of human behaviour, as a set-off against the moral sublimity exhibited during the crucial period of sacrifice.



An old school of romantics used to speak of the moral values of war as the training-ground for the manly virtues: we know better now. War is dysgenic not only because it slays the youngest and bravest, but because it gives new vitality to passions and vices which long years of civilization have worked at weakening or eliminating. It is in the practice of Christianity that the manly virtues received their best support. Self-conquest calls for more courage and discipline than the conquest of others.

**Study and  
Remove the Causes  
of War.**

Yet even moral enthusiasm requires a basis in reason lest it should lapse into mere sentiment. The causes of war must be studied with a view to their removal. The old braggart nationalism, which is only pride masquerading as patriotism, and which, while ignoring national faults, induced a spirit of contempt for other races, should be purged out of our history books. All peoples sin alike in this regard, though some are worse than others. National histories glorify wars indiscriminately without condemning those that were unjust in aim or method: the evil passions of past times are perpetuated amongst generations who have never wronged each other: hatred, mistrust and scorn are actually cultivated as essential parts of patriotism, and embodied in injurious nick-names. Because Christianity has not succeeded in correcting these defects of the natural man, the superficial conclude that Christianity does not condemn them. Hence the need of a better morality in our text-books. It is all to the good that Sir R. Baden-Powell, in his address to the International Scout Conference in Paris on July 25th, should have stressed this need, and urged that the international *camaraderie*, already existing in his great world-wide movement, should be utilized to promote a better understanding between the nations.

But the root-cause of war will still remain as long as the world of commerce is organized on a basis of rivalry and competition, and each nation fights the rest for the greatest share possible of a limited stock of goods. If the League of Nations is to abolish war, it must somehow or other evolve into an economic league and substitute discussion for armed demonstrations which are so apt to be used in international bargaining. Banks are organized internationally for their own profit, controlling credit which they do not create: greater bodies like States should be able, by taking thought, to do the same.

**The L. of N.  
and  
Disarmament.**

Meanwhile the League of Nations, in pursuance of a resolution of its Assembly on September 27, 1921, instructed a Commission to report on schemes for the reduction of armaments in preparation for the next September meeting. Lord Robert Cecil

and Lord Escher have both laid proposals before that Commission which began to sit in Paris on July 6th, but no definite conclusions have yet been made public. We trust that the Assembly will take note of the growing determination of the common folk to have done with war, and that the fundamental question of the "rationing" of armament manufacture and the restriction of armament sales will be taken in hand. As long as private firms profit by such transactions, occasions of profit will be found—or made. Since the war, this country has abolished conscription, and so has Germany—why then are there a million more men under arms in Europe than there were before the war? The Assembly is the democratic portion of the League of Nations, wherein the voice of the people can be heard. They will have their chance in September.

**Palestine  
Mandate  
Approved.**

Lord Balfour was more successful with the League of Nations Council than he was with the House of Lords, and on July 24th, the last day of its session, the terms of the British Mandate for Palestine were approved. There is little in this long document to remove the fundamental objection to the Zionist policy in that land. Although Lord Balfour assured the Arabs, ninety-three per cent of the population, that no injustice was intended by the provision in their country of a "Jewish home for the Jewish people," facts cannot be made to square with intentions.<sup>1</sup> The consent of the Arabs, Christian and Moslem, has not been asked to this systematic "assisted immigration" of an alien people: they have no determining voice in the Administration, which is appointed wholly by the Mandatory: a purely foreign agency, the Zionist organization, has been recognized as a body which the Administration is to consult in the development of the country, a Jew is at the head of the Administration and Zionists are given leading positions in the State. Finally a Russian Jew, M. Rutenberg, who is backed by the Zionist organization, is granted by private tender, and without the knowledge of the Arabs, a seventy years' concession to exploit all the water-ways of Palestine and thus secure for private enterprise the chief economic resources of the country. If all this—and more might be said, and has been said by Mgr. Barlassina, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and others—does not mean that the owners of the country are henceforth to be under the heel of the international Jew, there is no meaning in words. It seems to the plain man that, if justice is to be observed, the Arabs should decide how many Jews they will admit to their

<sup>1</sup> The assertion made by M. Viviani at the closing meeting of the Council, that France and Great Britain would have been quite justified in annexing Palestine and Syria unconditionally "in the moment of victory," deserves emphatic repudiation as subversive of international morality. Conquest is not a title to possession.

"promised land" and of what quality and on what terms. This would have been in accord with the promise, made to the Sherif of Mecca in 1915 and repeated in October, 1918, under orders from his Majesty's Government, in every village throughout Palestine, with a view to allaying the popular clamour that the 1917 Balfour Declaration had caused.

The Proclamation [embodying this promise] stated that the object of the British Government in prosecuting the war in the Near East was not only the complete and final liberation of its peoples, but also the establishment of national local Governments deriving their form and authority from the will and initiative of the people themselves, who would not be called upon to accept any Government that was distasteful to them.<sup>1</sup>

The other aspect of the Palestinian question—the custody of, and access to, the Holy Places—has been referred to a special Commission to be appointed by Great Britain and approved by the Council of the League. Everything of course depends on the composition of this Commission and on the heed paid to its recommendations by the Administration. It is of good augury that Sir Herbert Samuel, against whom personally no one has any complaint but whose nationality should surely have excluded him from the post of High Commissioner, ruling a predominantly Arab community, had long interviews with the Holy Father and the Cardinal Secretary of State on July 6th.

**Civil War in  
Ireland :  
The Bishops'  
Counsel.**

The hope expressed in our last issue that the opponents of the Irish treaty with England would loyally accept the election verdict against them and confine themselves to constitutional resistance has been sadly belied by events, and the Irish Government, established by the people's vote, has had to face an armed rebellion which is taxing its powers to the utmost. Judged by every moral criterion that rebellion is unlawful and criminal. It is an attempt to assert by force the will of a minority over the community on a mere question of policy, and in its ultimate object it has no prospect of success. And so the strong clear words of the Irish Hierarchy at their Maynooth meeting on June 20th find an obvious application—"Miscreants and murderers they are who take human life, whether they belong to the lawless class who should be ruled instead of ruling, or to any military body acting independently of civil authority." Their Lordships herein are only repeating in brief the plain language they issued to the country from Maynooth before the elections (April 27th).

<sup>1</sup> Letter to *The Times*, July 12th, from Mr. V. Gabriel, Kitchener's assistant in Arab matters.

It is worth while to recall it, for there are those who say that the religious leaders of the people have given them no moral direction:

We recognize that this is a national question, to be settled by the national will, ascertained by an election carried out in the ordinary constitutional way. It is the nation, as a whole, and not any class or order in the nation, that must decide it. Any other principle means national chaos, which any man who truly loves Ireland will risk for no motive whatever. . . . It is painful and sorrowful to us to have to use the language of condemnation, but principles are now being openly defended and acted upon which are in fundamental conflict with the law of God, and which, as bishops and pastors appointed to safeguard Christian morals, we cannot allow to pass without solemn censure and reprobation.

Foremost amongst these principles is the claim that the Army, or a part of it, can, without any authority from the nation as a whole, declare itself independent of all civil authority in the country. The Army, as a whole, and still more a part of the Army, has no such moral right. . . . More than any other order in society, the Army, from the very nature of its institution, is the servant and not the master of the nation's Government, and revolt against the supreme authority set up by the people is nothing less than a sacrilege against national freedom. . . . We beg the young men connected with this military revolt to consider religiously our solemn teaching on this fundamental maxim of social morality, otherwise they will involve themselves and their followers in conscientious defects of the gravest character, for when in prosecution of these principles they proceed to make shameful war upon their own country they are patriicides and not patriots. When they shoot their brothers on the opposite side they are murderers. When they injure public and private property they are robbers and brigands bound to restitution—all sins and crimes of the most heinous guilt. It pains us to the heart to think of our fine young boys, with their generous instincts, being mixed up in this network of scandalous and incalculable criminality. . . . If their passion for an Irish Republic is wisely conceived, their day will come in God's good providence. We repeat that the legitimate and constitutional way to settle this national question, the one road to peace, and ultimately to a wider Ireland, is to leave it to the decision of the nation in a general election.

The election has settled the matter, yet the Bishops' warning is unheeded.

**Fanatics  
and  
Lunatics.**

It is difficult to find words strong enough to condemn the wicked folly of those who, in pursuit of an unattainable ideal, lead the young and reckless into revolt against the Government established by a decisive expression of popular will, and plunge their country into a destructive and sanguinary conflict. At a time when all the energies of Irishmen should be occupied in utilizing their hard-won measure of liberty to rebuild their depopulated, impoverished and divided land, these fanatics and lunatics—for such they are objectively whatever their personal sincerity—are doing their best to render it still more indigent and weak. And of greater moment even than the destruction of life and property, grievous as that is, is their negation of those very ideals of popular liberty for which they profess to be fighting. Whatever may be their ultimate hopes and desires, there can be no doubt that the bulk of the Irish people have accepted the Treaty for the present, and their will, by all the canons of democracy, should prevail.

**A Serious  
Omission in the  
Draft  
Constitution.**

Pending the final assertion of its authority by the Provisional Government, discussion of the Draft Constitution has been suspended. We trust that the first amendment moved in the Dail will be to insert a preamble acknowledging the authority of God, the source of all lawful power, and submission to His Providence. That was done in the amended draft of Jefferson's Declaration of Independence, and would fittingly inaugurate the career of a nation notable for its Christianity. The absence of such acknowledgment, in deference to the atheistic susceptibilities of some of its signatories, is one of the blots on the Versailles Treaty, and one of the reasons why Catholics abroad look with suspicion on the League of Nations. There can be no reason for omitting it in the Constitution of Ireland.

**The Summer  
Schools.**

The month of August will witness the assembling of a Catholic Summer School at Oxford to study the all-important question of social and industrial relationships, the readjustment of which is essential to our peace. The Summer School at Cambridge, devoted to the Holy Eucharist, has just closed (July 28th). And on July 17th, at the National University, Dublin, a similar School began a three-weeks' session devoted to the advancement of religious knowledge, both theological and moral. These gatherings are for adults, who are conscious that the growing chaos around them outside the Church makes it all the more necessary for Catholics to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them. They are part of the movement that has produced

the new life of the C.T.S., that originated the Catholic Social Guild, that has stimulated the Catholic lending-library scheme, that has developed so fruitfully in the Catholic Evidence Guild. In Dublin, in addition to social studies, there are lectures on the Bible, on Church History, on the Sacramental System, on Education—a wide field of religious culture is offered to the zealous student. Who can doubt that it is needed in Ireland as much as elsewhere? Labour there has gone largely astray for want of effective guidance and of the "social sense" amongst well-to-do Catholics. The neo-paganism of the minor poets, the anti-religion of the young novelists, all point to a defect in religious training, an ignorance of the intellectual vastness and moral splendour of the Catholic Faith, in Catholics who are supposed to be educated. Therefore, every indication of interest in these high yet exceedingly practical matters is to be welcomed and fostered: every enterprise which is aiming at a fuller knowledge and a greater appreciation of the treasure entrusted to us and the means of putting it to use should commend itself to Catholics. It should be a matter of self-reproach, if one is not keenly interested in one or more of the zealous endeavours around one to enlighten those that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, and to direct their feet into the way of peace, religious, domestic, civil, industrial, international.

**The Sale  
of  
Honours.**

Against the growing cynicism in regard to corruption in public life, those who hate the rule of mere money and are sickened by the prostitution of titles of honour raise a perennial but, we fear, largely futile protest. We trust that the protest will nevertheless go on, in spite of the refusal of ministries of all colours to take any real steps to reform the system. We deplored the failure of Lord Loreburn's agitation in 1917, when Lord Curzon appeared to justify the practice of granting peerages for a monetary consideration. And the result of the recent agitation, though a Royal Commission is to be appointed to investigate the matter and recommend some means of assisting (which means checking) the Prime Minister, does not leave us more hopeful. Mr. Lloyd George connected the bestowal of honours with the party system, and implied that that system could not get on without the practice. Political supporters, in his view, may reasonably look for such recognition of their services. That may be granted, but only if service of a party means service of the country: an assumption natural in the Head of a party. But do not honours come ultimately from the Crown, and is not the Crown supposed to be above party? And there is a more fundamental question still. Both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith agreed that contribution to the party funds should be no bar to



the reception of honours, but neither made the obvious distinction "except when such contribution has been the *main* or *only* party service which the aspirant has performed." And the trouble is, ever since the country insisted on the publication of the grounds for the bestowal of honours, that the inadequacy of these grounds often suggests some other consideration, especially in the case of wealthy men. There is only one remedy, and that is one which has many times been demanded—the public auditing of party funds, but that is exactly the remedy to which Parliament, as at present constituted, will never consent. It must therefore necessarily incur the suspicions naturally aroused by those who say they can set themselves right with the public and don't.

**The  
Distribution of  
Titles.**

Critics have been at work analysing the Honours Lists for the past forty years or so with surprising results. The House of Lords during that time has been increased by 458 creations, 108 of whom are due to the present Premier during his five and a half years of office. So that now the voting strength of the Upper House far outnumbers that of the Lower. But the quality of the "created" is more astonishing than their number. If we include baronetcies we find that the vast majority of honours go to prominent business men and proprietors of newspapers. These classes of wealthy men, no doubt, frequently perform public services,—present parks, equip institutes, endow chairs, return in fact part of their wealth to the public out of whom, by lawful methods of trade we may presume, they made it. But suspicion is surely justified when one finds, for instance, that seven out of the nine proprietors of the chief Sunday papers are newly-created peers, and the other two baronets. One is irresistibly reminded of Lord Melbourne's complaint against the John Walter who owned *The Times* in his day: "The d—d fellow *wanted nothing*." Wealth lawfully acquired should certainly be no bar to the reception of titles, so long as that system, which survives only here and in Japan, is maintained: but respect for the Crown demands all the more care that wealth should never be the sole grounds of nobility.

**The Church  
*versus*  
the Malthusian  
Evil.**

A notable testimony to the fact that the Catholic Church is the pillar and the ground of truth, the one bold unswerving upholder of true morality in a foolish and fickle world, came the other day from the lips of a bitter opponent, Dr. Drysdale, the protagonist of the Neo-Malthusians. Speaking at a conference at the Kingsway Hall on July 10th, he said: "To-day all organized opposition to birth-control is dead except that of the Roman Catholic Church." In other words, no other body pro-

fessing to teach Christianity has any clear instructions to give its adherents on this matter of fundamental morality. It is as if the Doctor had said "there is no organized opposition to murder, robbery, adultery, perjury, except in Catholic teaching." He spoke the truth in that part of his address, however mistaken his views elsewhere. Only the Catholic Church speaks with the voice of her Founder: only she says, or can say, "Thus saith the Lord," and Dr. Drysdale may be assured that she will go on preaching God's truth to the end of time. We are not frightened by this medical man's generalizations: or of the frothy denunciations of Mrs. Stopes; we have heard long ago of the "irresistible stream which will inevitably engulf" the Church founded on the Rock: it was first mentioned, we seem to recollect, in the Sermon on the Mount. On the other hand, we have no guarantee that the world will not revert, in some degree, to paganism: it has done so in fact already, for the spectacle of a Congress, largely composed of medical men, advocating this abomination is one sign of such degeneration. However, Christianity conquered paganism before, and if Christians continue to oppose Malthusianism *in practice*, it is a simple matter of arithmetic to determine which will ultimately win.

**The Church  
and the  
Sacredness of the  
Human Soul.**

But the Malthusian, we are told, means to invoke the law, and, to secure his ends, will not stick at preventive mutilation of the Christian poor. He certainly has not stuck at proposing that enormity: in fact, the utter bestiality of his whole propaganda cannot be better recognized than from its logical issue in propositions of the sort. The case of the lunatic True provided a text for the advocacy by certain Eugenists of killing mad folk and incurables generally. We are not far from the heathen practice of letting deformed or unwanted babies die. It is still, indeed, a legal crime to slay the unborn child and, besides, the attempt exposes the parent to risk: otherwise, there is nothing in Malthusian ethics to condemn the practice of abortion. Sin has no meaning for him, for he takes no thought of the Creator's rights, nor has any conception of the dignity and value of the human soul. It is for the soul that Christianity cares, the soul of the diseased baby in the slum as well as for that of the healthy child of the well-to-do: it is the soul that gives the meanest human life its dignity and sacredness, and secures its rights against the experiments of the materialist. Christian principles are the last bulwark of the poor and helpless against the insolent projects of those false humanitarians, who make no effort to remove slums and sweating and destitution, but are content to tinker with their effects. The Church will always be the foe of these enemies of the deathless soul of man, these invaders of the basic human rights of the unfortunate and weak.

**Editorial  
Responsibility.**

\* The recurrence of the old *canard* about sections of the Catholic clergy chafing under the "yoke of celibacy," which was published from some Italian rag in the *Daily Mail* for July 15th and 18th, merits no further notice except as an instance of the irresponsibility and lack of taste of the modern press when provided with a sensational paragraph. The silly fable has been exposed in our own papers, and the Secretary of the C.T.S. refuted it in an able letter to the *Daily Mail* itself. A similar libel appeared in *The Times* in 1919 (April 2nd) relating to the Neapolitan clergy,<sup>1</sup> of which we said at the time:

Although *The Times* has had the grace to contradict its Neapolitan fable, the "Central News Agency," which published it in a much grosser and more unqualified form, has taken no such step, and it will doubtless continue to appear in the Protestant gutter-press for some time, if not for all time, to come.

We do not classify the *Daily Mail* with the papers that batten upon bigotry, but we have a right to complain that, for the sake of a head-line, it should insult the Catholic public by giving vogue in its enormous editions to an unfounded and incredible story. *The Times* on a previous occasion lectured a contemporary severely for so misconceiving editorial responsibility:

Every reputable newspaper [it said magisterially, in regard to Sir Hedley Le Bas (*italics ours*)] is exact to keep faith with its readers. When it offers them news, it is anxious, as far as proper care can go, that the news shall be genuine.

Proper care in cases like the present need go no farther than Archbishop's House or the Intelligence Bureau set up by the C.T.S. at 72, Victoria Street, or the nearest Catholic priest. If there is the will, no non-Catholic editor need be in doubt about the authenticity or credibility of any anti-Catholic story that the Jewish News Agencies choose to send him. And the will should not be wanting—to reputable editors.

**The only  
Possible Unity of  
Christendom.**

As was to be expected, the more the Lambeth proposals for reunion, prompted though they were, as we may well think, by true Christian feeling, are examined by those to whom they are addressed, the more unacceptable and impracticable they are seen to be. It comes to this—are the various Christian bodies cut off from the Church and from each other by differences of principle and belief or mere differences of method and ritual? All without exception are divided from the Catholic Church by

<sup>1</sup> See "A Slander upon the Neapolitan Clergy," *THE MONTH*, May, 1919.

a fundamental difference of principle, viz., the claim by that body to be the sole possessor of Christ's commission to rule and to teach mankind in His place and with His rights. Accordingly no union with that Church is possible except by recognition of, and submission to, a claim which she cannot abandon. And as for the multitudinous bodies to which the root principle of Protestantism—private judgment—has given birth, it is difficult to think that they, too, are not held apart by questions of conscience: otherwise, why *are* they separated in defiance of the unity so clearly postulated by Christ for the Church He founded? The Wesleyan Conference at Sheffield in the last week of July has but repeated the *non possumus* of other Nonconformist bodies to the Anglican demand for recognition of the Episcopate (*i.e.*, a sacrificial priesthood) as an essential element of the Church. They will not tolerate for a moment the implication that they are not as duly qualified ministers of the Gospel as any Anglican clergyman—a view with which, in one plain sense, the Catholic heartily concurs. Nor does the outlook towards the East grow brighter; in fact, the pronouncement of the Orthodox delegation to the Lambeth Conference, published nearly a year ago, yet ignored by the Anglican press, might, if pondered by the signatories to the recent Anglican "Declaration of Faith" addressed to the Orthodox Patriarch, have caused a drastic modification of that disingenuous document. For the Delegation is ultra "Roman" in its claim that the Orthodox Church is the one Church of Christ, and that union can only be secured by accepting all her teaching and rejecting all that is incompatible with it. Thus Anglicanism as a Church theory is rejected by Rome and the East alike, and not all the piety and zeal of its adherents can give it even a logical existence. The *Church Times*, in rebuking a certain Mr. Rawlinson, who pleads that the various Anglican parties should be allowed "to fight it out" in the hope that the truth will finally emerge from their conflict, justly observes: "The Church is not a society for the discovery of truth, like the Royal Society: it is a great engine for the salvation of souls," divinely commissioned (we may thus expand the writer's meaning), to proclaim and define truth committed to it by revelation. That, of course, is Catholic doctrine, but how characteristically Anglican is the actual close of the writer's sentence—"and when it speaks with uncertain voice, *its power is lessened*."<sup>1</sup> Should not the sentence properly run—"And if it speaks with an uncertain voice it shows that it is not the Church of Christ"?

THE EDITOR.

<sup>1</sup> *Church Times*, July 21st, leader: italics ours.

### III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

#### CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Industrial Peace** : How to secure [*Christian Democrat*, July, 1922, p. 1].

**Original Sin**, St. Augustine on [F. Donau in *Revue Apologétique*, July 1, 1922, p. 414].

**Papal Supremacy in Fourth Century** [J. Thompson in *Catholic Gazette*, July, 1922, p. 186].

#### CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Anglicanism repudiated by Orthodox Church** [*Catholic Times*, July 1, 1922, p. 8].

**Anglicanism, Genesis and Nature of Modern** [L. J. Walker, S.J., in *Gregorianum*, May, 1922, p. 219].

**Catholicism, Proofs of** : no vicious circle involved in [E. R. Hull, S.J., in *Examiner*, July 1, 1922, p. 207].

**Catholic "Internationals"** [Abbé Beauregard in *Documentation Catholique*, June, 1922, p. 1591].

**Ku Klux Klan, Exposure of this anti-Catholic Society** [C. P. Sweeney in *Catholic Times*, July 15, 1922, p. 9].

**Persecution of Catholics in Belfast** [P. J. Gannon in *Studies*, June, 1922 : in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, July, 1922, p. 279].

**Slovakia's Catholicism vindicated** [E. Christitch in *Catholic Times*, July, 1922, p. 8].

#### POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Catholicism in France after the War** [J. Bricout in *Revue Apologétique*, July, 1922, p. 441 : S. J. Brown, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, July, 1922, p. 41].

**Catholic Library Movement in Ireland** [S. J. Brown, S.J., in *Studies*, June, 1922, p. 307 : H. A. Johnston, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, July, 1922, p. 31].

**Catholic Welfare Council of U.S.A., Present state** [*Tablet*, July 22, 1922, p. 120].

**India, The Evils of Imperialism in** [B. P. O'Shasnain in *Catholic World*, July, 1922, p. 487].

**Jews, Henry Ford and the** [J. Boubée in *Etudes*, June 20, 1922, p. 728].

**Laicism, Christian and anti-Christian** [*Documentation Catholique*, June 24, 1922, p. 1571].

**Mendelism** [Sir B. Windle in *Catholic World*, July, 1922, p. 43].

**Turk, The Conversion of the** Mrs. R. Balfour in *Blackfriars*, July, 1922, p. 197].

**Zionism, How unjust in practice** [A. H. Atteridge in *America*, July 1, 1922, p. 245] : Zionism, Holy See and, Protests, etc. [*Catholic Times*, July 15, 1922, p. 9].

# REVIEWS

## I—SAINT CYPRIAN<sup>1</sup>

CATHOLICS are deep in debt to France. It is in France that the laborious examination, by Catholic authorities, of certain great writers is being made, so that in perhaps ten years we may be able to put together the separate results and achieve a general view, which cannot possibly be said to disregard the detail or to be fashioned *a priori*.

Already certain scholars have made particular periods their own; others have preferred to concentrate on the flow of Catholic life in a definite locality. Père d'Alès has done the latter. He has given to the world a masterly study of the great African Tertullian, and now has followed this by a book upon St. Cyprian of Carthage. The colossal St. Augustine, unmanageable, yet, by any one man, is being thus led up to, and monographs of high value are appearing upon him.

This volume, together with the *Tertullien* and M. Monceau's great book on Christian Africa, and one or two other more specialist volumes, like Bayard on Cyprian's Latin, have really provided us with all we want in order to understand that part of the world to within a century of Augustine's birth.

One of the annoying jests of history is to force one to feel, in spite of one's self, that centres of gravity are where they are not. For nearly everyone, the Vatican Council stands just for the Definition of Papal Infallibility. Yet the Council had not that for its general and pervasive purpose; it meant to deal in mass, yet in proportion, with reason and revelation, nature and super-nature, and the whole constitution of the Church as the vehicle among men of revelation. Somewhat similarly, St. Cyprian has come to stand for a particular quarrel with the Holy See. It is the greater pity since it was precisely there that his logic left him, and that he failed properly to apply his own principles. You are not

<sup>1</sup> (1) *La Théologie de St. Cyprien*. By A. d'Alès, S.J. Paris: Beauchesne. Pp. xv. 432. Price, 24 fr.

(2) *Select Letters of St. Cyprian*. Edited by Canon Lacey. London; S.P.C.K. Pp. xlix. 178. Price, 8s. 6d. net.



an impetuous African for nothing. Tertullian had already proved that, when he became a Montanist. However, as Augustine said, Cyprian, who had so thoroughly constructed African unity that he almost thereby rent the wider Catholic Unity at least in temper, covered this flaw on his breast by the abounding charity of his death. Father d'Alès shows us quite at large how right Cyprian's faith was: he shows us, too, how un-noble passions so beset him as to make him now and again—not indeed mean to deny the faith, but to twist theory to suit himself, or at least lapse into logical confusions which by themselves are enough to reveal a conflict in his mind between a faith adhered to and a personal conviction or desire clung to. It was because Cyprian felt so strongly about heresy that he went wrong about baptism; and because he felt so right in his mistaken working out of a truth, that he could not believe his ears when Papal Rome told him he was wrong. He became no formal heretic, but "il s'arrêta, déconcerté, ne sachant que résoudre." It is very impressive to see a strong personality struggling with the implications of the faith. Was Cyprian *felix opportunitate* in his death? or would he have emerged from the struggle, to give us a complete elucidation of the unity of the Church, of the Episcopate, of the Ecclesia Principalis, and of Peter's Chair? Even as it is, and now better than in his own day, what he says shows us clearly what the faith of his time was, and what, in good logic, it had to be. And his very difficulties, sacramental no less than governmental, have served much, in history, to express the true doctrine on many points. This book must be accessible to every student of Church History.

We never much care for "selected letters," especially when their subject-matter is controversial, so that the fact that the *Select Epistles of St. Cyprian*, edited with introduction and notes by Canon T. A. Lacey, all "treat of the Episcopate," does not make us feel certain that we have St. Cyprian's whole mind on the subject. In fact, we have not here; for, having determined that by *cathedra Petri* Cyprian must mean the "episcopate" at large, Canon Lacey has to suggest that the shorter text of the famous passage in c. iv. of *De Unitate* was deliberately substituted by Cyprian himself because "the Carthaginian appellants with Felicissimus had made use of this phrase to signify the Roman Church in

particular." Cyprian provides problems, but we cannot admit the non-local, non-papal application of his Petrine passages. Canon Lacey would, however, say that we were "radically wrong," as he does of Dom John Chapman. In an amusing preface the editor explains why he uses the 1717 translation by Rev. N. Marshall, leaving even his spelling almost as it is, though of course fully testing Mr. Marshall's accuracy. So the book has other charms besides those of its pleasant appearance; it should, however, be read only along with Father d'Alès' really important work.

## 2—THE ASCETICISM OF THE GOSPEL<sup>1</sup>

TO converts, the most interesting period in the Church's history is that of the first centuries after Christ, the centuries before the compilation of the New Testament Canon and after the death of the Apostles. And rightly so, for it was then that the outlines of the Church had just begun to rise above her foundations, above the Christ-chosen rock of Peter which martyrdom had laid at Rome.

Père Pourrat, in his new book, *Christian Spirituality*, has traced the development of our Lord's teaching about the life of the soul as far as the beginning of the Middle Ages. And he has made a most interesting history-book.

If we realize that the teaching of Jesus Christ concerning morality and mysticism was not simply a great step forward, but that it puts morals and spiritual learning on an entirely new plane, our minds will be in the right attitude towards the genius of our holy faith. Let us first of all give the philosophers their due. Socrates and Plato had a far better grasp of what we might call "the rudiments of righteousness," of personal and civic justice, than many men have to-day, after all these centuries of experience. Plotinus, with only his own intellect and a very small inheritance of wisdom to help him, had realized that God is infinite and man is finite, and that in God alone is the answer to all our questions, and, what is more, and most important, had set himself to find a way to God.

The keynote of the "New Commandment" was self-denial and humility. This was enough to make it Divine

<sup>1</sup> *Christian Spirituality*. By Père P. Pourrat. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. x. 312. Price, 10s. 6d. net.

wisdom, where before had been human. Before the Incarnation, sanctity was the perfecting of one's own personality by the careful adding of virtue to virtue, and where this ideal has remained in the Church, it has shown itself less fruitful than the pursuit of ideals less introspective. The New Commandment was not even to love virtue, it was to love "one another."

The student who prefaces his study of Christian spirituality by a study of some of the great pre-Christian philosophers and mystics, will see at once this radical difference between the two. He could not then do better than study Père Pourrat's book, and take note of the continual see-saw of heresies across the central fact of faith: God Incarnate and Crucified.

First, he will see the effect of our Lord's teaching upon Jewish minds. The Apostles were struck with the ideas of self-denial arising from a motive of love, and of detachment born of confidence in the Master in whose company His disciples lacked nothing, neither food nor raiment. It was this great "family" spirit which appealed to their minds imbued, as they were, from boyhood, with the Jewish spirit of "race." It was the exchange of *nationalism* for *brotherhood*. St. John, the eagle of the Evangelists, soars on quick wings into the glory which the others were slow to realize, the amazing subject of Divine Love. Whither he flies, St. Paul walks patiently in the footsteps of the Master, striving for the mastery of his body and spirit, disciplining it into pliability under the Will of God. In him, the transformation of the pre-Christian morality into the Christian is more patent. It is good to see where a seed of mere morality, under the influence of grace, has flowered into full beauty, viz., in his words on faith and on charity, which could be the outcome of no less philosophy than that of "Christ, and Him Crucified."

Then ripen the first fruits of Christ's counsels, the life of holy communism (which was, and is, the only practical communism ever founded), and the wholly supernatural idea of virginity. Here, if never before, the unmistakable "difference" becomes visible to all the world. Charity showed her Divine breeding by her attitude to mankind, which was that of sharing all things in common and only vying with others in the art of renunciation; and also by her attitude to God, which was that of angelic virginity. Before the end of the

first century, Christendom treated her virgins as her glory, as her "holy tithe to God."

These chosen souls, dedicated to the service of God, began to make more and more common what we now call liturgical prayer, then only a web of hours and seasons made holy by the Passion of Christ, through which devotion and inspiration wove psalms and petitions.

The spiritual life was then a heroic business, which began with patience, continued in endurance, and ended, usually, in martyrdom. Spiritual writings were mostly exhortations. There was no time to have ailments and feverish attacks of the soul. The choice was between apostacy and death, with or without torture, but usually with it. When the world cried a truce, it did a doubtful kindness to Christendom, because it gave her time to think of, literally, everything under Heaven: everything of less importance than Heaven. Small philosophers began to set up for themselves with their own ideas and a little Christian doctrine for a stock-in-trade, and before the local church had time to miss them, they were asking for trouble and excommunication. They kept the bishops busy with their preposterous assertions and denials. The larger of them set out with some show of logic, and even with genuine apostolic zeal, but pride was there, as subsequent events proved, and pride stiffened into decay, and twig after twig of the True Vine had to be cut off and thrown away. Then, too, there was time for virtue to grow lax or rigid. Christ's words were interpreted too easily or too strictly. Marriage was preached against or some respectable form of adultery was condoned, and in both cases, the truth had to be defined and taught. Many Christians openly deplored the cessation of persecution, and seeing their brethren grow effeminate and subjected, at first unconsciously, to the subtle mastery of the Time-Spirit, they chose the better part of valour, and fled from the cities to the silence of the desert, there to be concerned with only two enemies, the flesh and the devil. This was the beginning of monachism.

This rough outline will, it is hoped, whet the intellectual appetite of many to whom the history of these momentous centuries is little known. Study of this period is bound to renew fervour and to show up one weakness of modern spirituality,—fear of public opinion and lack of the family spirit of the first Christians. But it will also give testimony to the truth of the Living Christ and of the Ever-growing Vine, be-

cause it will show how doctrine after doctrine has unfolded, how the visions of saint after saint have come true, and how, in our foolishness, we may contradict the saying that "Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever," by claiming that He seems to have grown more loving and more glorious with every century.

### 3—FAITH AND SCIENCE<sup>1</sup>

THESE two books are a welcome proof that Catholic teachers are not only aware of the necessity of discussing the relations between revelation and observational science, but are actually producing the results of their discussions in a form easily intelligible to the non-theological mind. Added to the intrinsic difficulties of the subject is the vast amount of error and prejudice, the offspring both of agnosticism and of heterodoxy, which has gathered about it, and consequently the Catholic has not only to set forth the true doctrine in all its bearings, but in the very act to clear away the accretions of falsehood which constantly tend to obscure it. Of the two works under review, Father Walker's is the more purely theological. He expounds the motive and aim of the Incarnation, taking for his title that of St. Anselm's famous treatise, *Cur Deus Homo?* but answering the question to suit the mentality and meet the difficulties of our own day. The book is an excellent example of a legitimate and even necessary modernism, as St. Anselm's was in his time. The Saint wrote for readers who accepted the Divinity of Christ, and he was merely concerned with pointing out the necessity and congruity of the Atonement. But to-day, outside the Church, the Incarnation itself has come to be widely doubted, and thus Father Walker's book has to deal with a more fundamental subject, the revelation Christ made of His own Divinity in becoming man, which He entrusted to His Church to perpetuate. His luminous investigation brings him into contact with many problems imperfectly handled by modern science, with the fact of creation which science is often frightened to face, with the existence of evil for which science cannot account, with the Fall of Man which science ignores, with the dawn of reli-

<sup>1</sup> *Why God became Man.* By Leslie J. Walker, S.J. London: Sands and Co. Pp. 180. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *Moses and the Law.* By Fathers S.J. London: Griffiths and Co. Pp. 108. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

gion in a fallen world which science cannot explain, and with the divine restoration of sinful humanity with which science as such has, of course, nothing to do. The latter part of the book is a valuable contribution to Christology based upon the Gospel records, and showing how Christ's revelation solves all the puzzles of philosophers and scientists, and satisfies all the longings of mind and heart. The whole is an apologetic treatise of the first order.

The other volume, edited by Father Lattey, Professor of Holy Scripture at St. Beuno's, is largely concerned with Biblical cosmology, and consequently debates many questions of scientific and historical interest. Besides the editor, who contributes three out of the nine essays, six other theologians of the Society are responsible for the book. It is confined to subjects connected with the Pentateuch, viz., *The Days of Genesis*, *The Alleged Sources of Genesis i.—iii.*, *The Flood*, *The Antiquity of Man*, *The Ark of the Covenant*, *Wellhausen and the Levitical Priesthood*, *The Chronology of the Pentateuch*, *Genesis and Evolution*, *The Religion of the Pentateuch*. It will be seen how important is the presentation of these subjects from a Catholic standpoint, for the main assaults of the modern rationalists are delivered against these early records of revelation as being historically and scientifically untenable. With their limits these essays cannot pretend to be exhaustive, but they succeed in showing in each case the present state of the question, the unreasonableness and arbitrary character of infidel objections and the likelihood, greater or less, of a final solution being reached. In these investigations, the believer must often be content with a negative attitude: scientific data are scanty and inconclusive: revelation is meagre and ambiguous: often the main facts alone can be reached with certainty, whilst innumerable details of aim and process have to remain in obscurity. The general result of reading these scholarly essays will be to induce or confirm a position of enlightened caution in regard to the claims of agnostic science, and to vindicate the Church as the guardian of revelation and the advocate of reason's rightful claims.



4—CATECHETICAL METHODS<sup>1</sup>

OUR clergy and teachers and layfolk generally are becoming increasingly preoccupied with the question of the best methods of instructing the young and ignorant in the sublime mysteries and practical morality of the Catholic Faith. It is an admirable sign of the times, for it shows a growing sense of the vast importance of the "one thing necessary"—that knowledge which leads to God and supplies strength for the journey. Many generations must have used Canon Cafferata's exposition of the Catechism since it first appeared twenty-five years ago. It is now thoroughly revised in a tenth edition, more clearly printed and more cheaply produced, so that it enters upon its second quarter of a century under good auspices, which would be better were it not for the other books here grouped for review. For the meaning of their appearance is that the old Catechism, logical in system and precise in statement, which the Canon's volume explains, no longer satisfies those who have to catechize: the revolt against it to which our own pages have given testimony from time to time, is growing in intensity and extent, and finds expression in various tentative schemes fostered and furthered largely by the energetic editor of *The Sower*. He contributes, for instance, a stimulating preface to a little book reprinted from his pages concerning the right way of teaching religion based upon a thorough knowledge of child-psychology. *The Way into the Kingdom* is indeed a "book for all who teach," for it is instinct with sympathy and love, a teacher's best equipment.

The *Scheme of Religious Instruction*, which has been approved for optional use in the Archdiocese of Birmingham, has also had its inspiration in *The Sower*, and Father Drinkwater's booklet called *Religion in School* (C.T.S.: 1s. 6d. net), supplies the flesh and clothing of which this is the skeleton. It is based upon the different requirements of the three stages of normal school life, and corresponds with the varying mental development and capability of each age. It

<sup>1</sup> *The Way into the Kingdom*, reprinted from "The Sower," pp. 78, price, 1s. 6d.: *The Catechism Simply Explained*, by H. Canon Cafferata, pp. viii. 180, price, 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net.: *A Scheme of Religious Instruction*, pp. vii. 21, price, 1s.: *A Systematic Catechism*, by Rev. Joseph Heald, M.A., pp. ix. 53, price, 1s. net.: (all foregoing from B. O. and W., London). *The Words of Life*, compiled by C. C. Martindale, S.J. London: C.T.S., pp. 44, price, 2d.

uses the Catechism, but not according to its present arrangement, and supposes only a selection of the answers to be memorized.

Father Heald's *Systematic Catechism* is not meant for the use of children, but of adults. Its aim is to build upon what is already known, and therefore begins with the fruits of reason, history and experience, and then proceeds to the consideration of revelation or the supernatural order summarized in the teaching of Christ. A reference to the approved Catechism is given wherever the same matter is treated. The method, therefore, may be considered as introductory to the ordinary Catechism teaching. It is admirably suited for this end. Father Martindale's booklet, which we rejoice to see brought down to 2d., is born of the same need, and caters for it yet more elaborately. He makes everything centre upon our divine filiation, the "life" which Christ came to impart, and therefore his order is—God, Christ, the Church, her teaching, her Sacraments, the last things; an admirably vital and stimulating treatment.

The ideal method may be still to seek, but we cannot but rejoice at all these efforts to attain it, as evidence of a higher appreciation of the boundless treasures of the Faith.

#### 5—THE CATHOLIC EVIDENCE GUILD<sup>1</sup>

ONE would like to read this little manual thoroughly and subject it to close scrutiny. It would probably come out of the ordeal unscathed. But, alas, one has been called on to review the book under circumstances that preclude such treatment. It is evidently a valuable extension to the monumental work of Fr. Henry Browne, S.J., whose serious illness we all so much deplore. The only mention of that author's name that can readily be discovered—there is no index—is: "Father Browne's book might also be referred to." This brief allusion to one who stands out as a great benefactor to the C.E.G. is surely inadequate.

The necessity of the C.E.G. is well expressed in the following sentence: "Statistical evidence makes it abundantly plain that unless the official resources of the Church are supplemented from some such source of new energy as the

<sup>1</sup> *Handbook of the Catholic Evidence Guild.* Compiled by James Byrne. London: Catholic Truth Society. Pp. 119. Price, 1s. 6d. net.

C.E.G. is endeavouring to tap, the conversion of even the convertible portion of the country will continue to be an idle dream." One is glad to read, too, that "the training scheme aims at moulding the general outlook of the speakers of the Guild" as well as furnishing them with knowledge and the means of handling it. It is undoubtedly succeeding in mobilizing an army corps of intelligent thinkers and zealous pioneers, the fruits of which, if only charity keeps pace with understanding, should be incalculable. It is certainly clear from this business-like compilation that the C.E.G. has come to stay, and that all on board of the good ship will have to work their passage: this is a healthy spirit.

Pages 55-75, in which subjects are sketched out for the "street corner apologist" and valuable references supplied, will be specially acceptable as the result of first-hand experience.

Miss M. Ward deserves much credit for Parts IV. and V. Her remarks on one advantage of the "Squad system" is both shrewd and sympathetic. She regards it as the chief means for preventing the leakage of new members: "Instead of being unknown individuals in a large body in which each forms an unimportant one per cent, they are reasonably-welcomed members of a Squad of which each is a very necessary ten per cent." The short prayers and meditations are most helpful, and the two pages (95 and 96) on the effect of the Guild on slack Catholics are founded on most consoling experiences. May thousands of copies of this valuable booklet be diligently thumbed and the contents assimilated.

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## SHORT NOTICES.

### THEOLOGICAL.

**T**HE *Bibliographie Thomiste*, by P. Mandonnet, O.P., and J. Destrez, O.P. (Rev. des sciences phil. et theol.: Saulchoir, Kain, Belgique), will come as a boon to many students. Ever since the revival of the Thomistic philosophy under Leo XIII. an immense amount of attention has been devoted both to the life and the teachings of the angelic doctor, and the output of specialized work has been very considerable. Yet it has been by no means easy for the individual worker in these fields to know what has been written on the particular point in which he is interested. The subject may have been amply treated in some theological periodical, or, perhaps, in a separate work. But how is he to light on the volume or article in question? The compilers of this bibliography have set themselves to meet this need. It will, we think, be all the more useful by reason of the limitation of its scope. Of the older literature it only

contains those works which still possess some importance from a historical or critical point of view. It aims, however, at completeness for what has been published since the year 1900. The present brochure is numbered as the first of a series: and we are led to hope for subsequent issues, though it is, of course, impossible to determine beforehand when these will appear.

#### DEVOTIONAL.

In *L'Idéal nouveau et la Religion* (Téqui: 3.50 fr.), Mgr. Herscher, the venerable Archbishop of Laodicea ("titular") sets himself out to show the necessity and all-sufficiency of Christianity for the salvation of civilization, in opposition to the new ideal—not new surely in itself, for it is the ideal of the "animal man," but only in its emphasis—advocated by those who have lost or have never had, a knowledge of the Catholic faith. The Archbishop goes through science, politics, philosophy, education, family and social life, contrasting the merely human with the religious ideal and proving conclusively the inadequacy of the one and the power of the other to save mankind.

The little treatise on the monastic life as expressing the ideal of early Christianity, which Dom Germain Morin, the well-known Benedictine scholar, composed many years ago, is familiar to English readers in a translation published by Washbourne in 1914 and commended very warmly in these pages in January, 1915. It has now been re-issued in a third edition, in that admirable *Collection "Pax"* which was started last year at Maredsous, under the former title *L'Idéal Monastique et la Vie chrétienne des premiers jours* (Lethielleux: 4.00 fr.), and we may repeat our appreciation of it as "an ideal guide" to those who wish to follow or merely to become acquainted with a great historic spiritual system.

The old fashion in hagiography, in accordance with which the Saint's life was analysed and presented as exercising and illustrating various points of perfection, has been practically given up altogether, but still survives in those character-studies which are made for devotional purposes, adapted, so to speak, for meditation. Such a study is Père J.-E. Laborde's *L'Esprit de Saint Francois Xavier* (Tequi: 5.00 fr.), now in its second edition. It is the work of one who is thoroughly well acquainted with the most recent researches regarding the Saint, and illustrates his various virtues by copious and apposite examples.

Of like character is the study of the sanctity of St. Gertrude from the pen of Dom Gilbert Dolan, O.S.B., and translated by some Benedictine nuns under the title *Sainte Gertrude: sa vie interieure* (Lethielleux: 6.00 fr.). But here the spirit of the Saint is considered in relation to the various means of grace and objects of devotion encountered in the way of perfection.

The Abbé Lecomte has written a slim booklet entitled *L'Evangile de Paix* (Téqui: 1.25 fr.), which is worth many times its weight in gold. Full of fine thought, and eloquently written, it should lead many into the way of true spiritual peace, the necessary prelude to peace in all other relations.

Superiors of religious houses, and all indeed who make a practice of meditation, will hasten to purchase the *Meditation Manual for Each Day of the Year*, for it runs to 808 pages, is handsomely printed and bound, and costs 2s. 6d. net! (postage 6d.). This low price suggests a subsidy, for, as things go at present, the book is worth at least 7s. 6d. in the

market. Its price, however, is the only cheap thing about it: it is translated and adapted from an Italian work, which in turn owes much to Segneri's classic treatise, *The Manna of the Soul*.

## BIOGRAPHY.

**Notre Mere**, by the late Father Alban Riley (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 7s. 6d.), is the story of a courageous Assumptionist Nun, Amelia de Henningsen, of Irish and Scandinavian descent but born in Brussels, who went out from Europe in 1849, aged 25, to aid the struggling Church in South Africa, and laboured there for her remaining 55 years of life; and no one will read her career without realizing that she holds a permanent and honourable place in the Catholic history of the Colony. The author has a pleasant gossipy style, with a penchant for quotations and a tendency to digress, and so he makes quite a large book out of a simple life-history. For ourselves we would sacrifice the account of his subject's descent from the Vikings or the political schemes of her brother for a little more of her matured views on the education of women in the Colony. No one could have spoken with greater power. Her loyal devotion to Bishop Devereux, V.A. of the Eastern Province, is one of the most pleasing features in the book. In the terrible journey to Cape Town in the little whaler, wherein two communities, nuns and seminarists, journeyed together, their two Superiors developed the highest qualities of leadership. One of those seminarists was James David Ricards, a future Vicar-Apostolic, and the founder of St. Aidan's. He it was who later obtained leave from Propaganda for the Jesuits to undertake the Mission on the Zambesi. With the *personnel* of the first S.J. expedition and the preparation for their journey, "Notre Mere" was closely associated. Indeed, Father Law even found time to correspond with her during his arduous duties up-country. Around the personality of this pioneer Religious, who founded the first community of nuns in Cape Colony, is grouped much of the Catholic history of South Africa, which this very readable biography will make known, we trust, to a wide circle of readers.

Another record of pioneer work for the Faith is presented in the large and sumptuously-produced **Life of the Archpriest J. J. Therry** (Angus and Robertson,<sup>1</sup> Sydney: 25s.), by the Rev. Eris O'Brien, Professor of Australian History in St. Patrick's College, Manly. What the English public knows of the early Catholic history of Australia is derived for the most part from Archbishop Ullathorne's Autobiography, but the Archbishop reached the southern Continent only in 1833, whereas Fathers Therry and Conolly, his colleague and Superior, who presently withdrew to Tasmania, landed at Sydney in 1820, eight years before the Emancipation Act. This circumstance indicates the difficulties with which the only priest in Australia had to contend. The spirit of the penal laws was still vigorously alive, and the rights of Catholics regarding marriage, education and access to the Sacraments were grievously hampered by a combination of bigotry and red-tape. The past generation can recall with what difficulty even here in England those rights were enforced in the case of those, for one cause or another, under the public charge, in workhouses, orphanages, and prisons. Against

<sup>1</sup> Obtainable also at the British Australian Book Store, 51, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.

what mountains of prejudice Father Therry had to contend single-handed may readily be conjectured. The record tells of one continued battle against the bigotry of officials, but Father Therry was a true son of the Church militant, and his spirit was indomitable, proof even against super-session by Government and the worries of intestine quarrels. The story is told with great detail, excellently documented, and copiously illustrated. Up to the time of the arrival of Dr. Ullathorne, it may be regarded as a history of the Church in Australia. After that time it is more concerned with Father Therry's activities which, as the author candidly sets forth, is often marked by defects which an autocrat is apt to display when brought under authority. But no one of the Bishops with whom he contended really doubted the zeal and good intentions of their intractable subject, and his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney, who contributes a eulogistic preface to this volume, pronounces what must be the verdict of history on the career of a great apostle of the Faith.

#### FICTION.

John Ayscough has turned his recent experiences in America to good account, for his latest story, **Mariquita** (Sands and Co.: 6s. n.), has for scene a Colorado ranch east of the Rockies, and its characters are all racy of that far-off soil. But not in any ordinary sense. There are cowboys, of course, and the atmosphere of the boundless prairie, but no cattle-rounding or horse-breaking or promiscuous shooting: only a delicate study, made with humour and insight, of four or five types of character, of whom the eponymous heroine, so innocent of worldly ways yet so wise in God, deserves to rank with the best of the author's creations. Time and again the reader is reminded of *San Celestino*, and for admirers of Ayscough enough has been said.

The late Miss Leslie Moore, being, alas! dead, speaketh nevertheless in very pleasant and edifying fashion by means of a pretty, wholesome, well-written and skilfully constructed story of Devon country life, styled **The House called Joyous Garde** (Sands: 7s. n.). There is an edifying strain of "eeriness" in the tale and a delicate love-interest, and the whole makes absorbing reading.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

In a small square book, in a brown paper wrapper, the organizers of the Museum of St. John Berchmans, which was arranged at Louvain in the May of this year, have issued what might be called a compendium of holy souvenirs of this "Saint who laughs," entitled **Le Musée St. Jean Berchmans à Louvain** (Drukkerij: 8.00 fr.). Not only does it contain much biographical detail, but also a list of his "Lives" by authors of various nationalities. But those who are specially devoted to him should not miss this opportunity of obtaining the most excellent reproduction of the chief and best authenticated portraits of him with their history, including the one called "Miraculous." We welcome this bookful of remembrances of the shy saint, the charm of whose personality has not faded these three hundred years.

La Maison de la Bonne Press publish at 2.50 fr. a most useful pamphlet on **Le Repos et la Sanctification du Dimanche**, by M. Paul Feron-Vrau. It should be especially interesting to parish priests.

From the Societa Editrice "Vita e Pensiero" (Milan Via S. Agnese 4), we have received two works on Education written by a Religious



of the Sacred Heart, Madre Maria Galli: **L'Antico e il Moderno nell'Educazione dei figli** (12.00 l.) and **L'Istruzione e l'Educazione religiosa del Fanciullo** (5.00 l.). The first is a very complete manual, addressed chiefly to mothers, taking the career of the child from the cradle to the time of the "empty nest" and giving the principles of its due development. The second explains the teaching of religion to young girls. In both volumes Madre Galli gives an historical survey of education, beginning from pagan times in the first, from our Lord Himself in the other. The author is by no means a reactionary, but very much the opposite, grafting the new methods on what was good in the old. Both works show a deep insight in the character of children of all ages, and should be read with Mother Janet Stuart's *The Catholic Education of Girls*.

From the same energetic Milanese press comes **Pagine intime** (Milan: 3.00 l.), by G. Casati, with a Preface by Cardinal Maffi, Archbishop of Pisa. These intimate pages are letters of a gifted Catholic young man to his betrothed, later his wife. Mario Chiri did not confine his energy to exhorting his future helpmate to daily Communion and union with God. A very active member of the Italian "Catholic Action," his life shows once again how an intense human love and true patriotism are strengthened by an intense love for God. Mario does not hesitate to call the Lybian war of 1911 an unjust one, while he is willing even then to fly as a volunteer to the rescue of Trieste and Trent, whose liberation, however, he did not live to see.

#### MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Marietti of Turin has issued in a small and handy format the **Rubricæ Generales** of the Roman Missal (price, bound, 7.00 fr.), according to the reform of Pius X., with the special rites connected with Mass *coram SS.* and *coram Episcopo*, Votive Masses, etc. Such a neat and useful collection deserves better paper.

Father E. J. Quigley's **Book for Altar Servers** (Gill and Son: 2s. net) contains much more than the mere responses at Mass. It combines instruction with devotion, and aims at imbuing those who are privileged to serve at the altar with reverence founded on knowledge.

The new management of the C.T.S. show that they are keeping well in mind that the main object of the Society is the production of cheap Catholic literature, and, notwithstanding the great work entailed by the recruitment of members and other necessary activities, they continue their steady output. Amongst twopenny reprints we have Father John Morris's **Canterbury: a Guide for Catholics**, an invaluable aid for the Catholic visitor. Also **The Apostle of the Rocky Mountains**, by the late Dom Norbert Birt, O.S.B., which account of the heroic 50-years Apostolate of Father Peter de Smet, S.J., not only exposes the iniquities which the American Indians had to suffer at the hands of the white settlers, but also the civilizing influence of true Christianity. This pamphlet gives the lie to those bigots who assail Catholicity as injurious to the State. **The Real Presence**, by Father F. Mangan, S.J., and **The Church in England in 1922**, by the Very Rev. Father Bede Jarrett, O.P., are new, the former being a clear and orderly statement of the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation, vindicating it against heretical misunderstanding and denial, the latter a comprehensive view of the "Present

condition of Catholics" by a competent observer, which serves at once to emphasize our deficiencies and stimulate us to remove them.

**The Catholic Mind** for July 8th (America Press: 5 c.), a compilation which should be better known amongst us, contains the Holy Father's discourse and other speeches, at the Eucharistic Congress, Professor Phillimore's scholarly paper from *Blackfriars* "Religion and Education," and a brief exposure of "Eddyism," by Father Hull.

The same able writer has republished from *The Examiner* his discussion of **Adventist Doctrines** (Herder: 8 annas) the vapoury tenets of those strange folk who revel in authenticating Biblical prophecies according to their desires and fancies. In so far as they put forth any dogmas explicitly or implicitly, Father Hull refutes them and takes occasion to expound the traditional Catholic eschatology.

Catholic Naval Chaplains will find much use in **A List of Catholic Officers R.N.** (Fort Augustus: 6d.), compiled by Brother R. Anson, O.S.B., who is the Hon. Organizing Secretary of the "Apostleship of the Sea."

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- FROM THE AUTHOR.**  
*Belgian Mission of Bengal.* By T. van der Schueren, S.J. Illustrated. Pp. 100.
- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.**  
*De l'Influence.* By E. Thamiry, S.T.D. Pp. 368. Price, 16.00 fr.  
*La Méthode d'Influence de S. François de Sales.* By the same. Pp. 147. Price, 6.00 fr.  
*L'Hymne de la Vie.* By Canon M. de Baets. Pp. 125. Price, 3.50 fr.  
*Le Dogme Catholique dans les Pères de l'Eglise.* By E. Amann. Pp. viii. 420. Price, 7.50 fr.
- BEYAERT, Bruges.**  
*Theologia Moralis.* Tom. I. By A. Vermeersch, S.J. Pp. xv. 456. Price, 14.50 fr.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.**  
*The Way into the Kingdom.* Reprinted from *The Sower*. Pp. 79. Price, 1s. 6s. net.  
*The Wonderful Crucifix of Limpias.* By the Rev. Baron von Kleist. Pp. vii. 184. Price, 2s. 6d. net (paper).
- GABALDA, Paris.**  
*L'Intelligence Catholique dans L'Italie du XX<sup>e</sup> Siècle.* By M. Vaussard. Pp. xxi. 347. Price, 7.50 fr.
- KELLY & Co., Loughrea.**  
*A Manual for Novices.* Pp. xxiv. 190. Price, 6s. net.
- LIBRAIRIE ISTRAT, Strasbourg.**  
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